

THE SPEAKER

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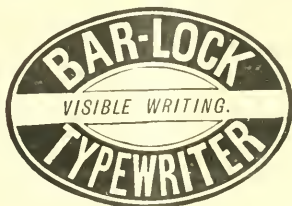
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THE SPEAKER

SATURDAY, AUGUST 22, 1891.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

THE Unionist dislike of MR. BALFOUR'S promised measure of local government for Ireland continues to excite objurcation in the outspoken section of his supporters. That the Government pledged themselves to this policy is admitted; but why keep a pledge when it becomes inconvenient? Or, as the *Spectator* puts it with subtle tact, why give a man the drink you promised him when you did not know he was a drunkard? The *Saturday Review*, too, after an outspoken *exposé* of MR. BALFOUR'S "singularly unsatisfying" and "ineffectual efforts to justify" the past acts of the Government, delivers itself more positively still as regards the new proposal: "By passing such a Local Government Bill as he has foreshadowed," says the organ of the old Tories, "Ministers will be going far to undo all the good work which he has done in Ireland, and will not even gain—as, indeed, they would not deserve to gain—the barren credit of having kept their word." The chorus of hostility is having its effect on some of MR. BALFOUR'S prominent associates. Here is LORD SELBORNE, who has "only to say that he has great confidence" in the Chief Secretary, which confidence he proceeds to illustrate by stating that he cannot form an opinion on the policy of local government for Ireland until he sees what "safeguards" are provided to prevent the Irish County Councils from devoting themselves to illegitimate purposes. As no administrative device can exclude politics from these local bodies, LORD SELBORNE'S "confidence" is likely to evaporate. Perhaps he will propose to make it a penal offence for an Irish County Council to criticise the British Government.

THE election contest at Lewisham has been carried on hitherto with rather less energy—except perhaps on the part of the candidates—than we have become accustomed to since it became necessary to take every opportunity of protesting against MR. BALFOUR. "Villadom" is away to the extent of 50 per cent., though a good deal of it will return in time to vote; and "wagedom"—to adopt the convenient if disagreeable abbreviation of the Socialist Congress and MR. DONISTHORPE—is far more apathetic in a large suburban constituency than anywhere else in the United Kingdom. The polling is fixed for Wednesday. Now, the suburban workman cannot by any possibility get home for his dinner, nor, indeed, much before the close of the poll: so that the working-class vote must be seriously restricted. English feeling, and the traditional accessories of English elections, happily prevent Parliamentary elections taking place on Sundays. But why, when there are no markets to be interfered with, should they not be held on Saturdays? Most people engaged in a modern English election contest want at least one day of rest immediately after it.

MR. PARNELL has engaged in an epistolary controversy with MR. MORLEY and MR. DILLON. Of most of the points adduced by MR. PARNELL, it is sufficient to say that they have been received with the credit which is usually assigned to the interminable allegations from that quarter. Two of them are worthy of comment. MR. PARNELL promised some months ago to devote himself to the cause of the evicted tenants. He was prepared to beg rather

than desert them. Now it appears that he divides them into two classes—the Land League tenants who acknowledged his leadership, and the Plan of Campaign tenants who have the bad taste to adhere to MR. DILLON and MR. WILLIAM O'BRIEN. For the former class he has every goodwill short of a cheque, for the latter he has nothing but exhortations to settle with their landlords, who do not want them. The manifest key to this diplomacy is that he means to keep a tight hand on the Paris Fund.

THE other point is strictly personal to MR. DILLON. MR. PARNELL taunts his old colleague with having urged the Tipperary tenants to allow their homes to be sold up, though he applied for money to prevent the sale of his own house in Dublin in consequence of the forfeiture of his bail. MR. DILLON denies that he had any house or effects which could have been seized by the law. But what is the real issue? If, as MR. PARNELL alleges, a sum was actually released from the Paris Fund to indemnify the sureties when MR. DILLON and MR. O'BRIEN went to America, how can that be a reflection on the honour of men who were engaged in an enterprise for the good of the cause, and who had a perfect right to expect that the necessary expenditure would be defrayed out of the war-chest of the party? Some ignorant Tory journalist has declared that MR. DILLON is convicted of "dishonesty," and that, no doubt, was the imputation MR. PARNELL intended to convey. But Irishmen are not quite so silly as to suppose that the man who escaped from the clutches of MR. BALFOUR in order to carry on a campaign in America, which would have produced an enormous sum for the benefit of the evicted tenants had it not been destroyed by MR. PARNELL'S misconduct, ought to have paid the preliminary cost out of his own pocket.

THE event of the week is the reception of the French fleet at Portsmouth. No pains have been spared to make the welcome of our visitors a manifestation of national goodwill. The Queen, who is believed to have taken the initiative in inviting ADMIRAL GÉRAVIS to our shores, reviewed the combined squadrons yesterday, and on Thursday the French Admiral and his principal officers dined with Her Majesty at Osborne. Portsmouth has not wept like Cronstadt on the neck of a long-lost brother, but the festivities have been marked throughout by abundant cordiality. More notable still is the tone of the Ministerial Press. The *Standard* had a remarkable article on Tuesday, in which any connection between England and the Triple Alliance was repudiated in explicit terms, and France was assured that if any European plot were set on foot against her England would not join in it. The *Times* is pained to think that any suspicion of British neutrality should still linger in the French mind; though our neighbours possibly remember that, by his exuberant announcement of the Triple Alliance as "glad tidings of great joy," LORD SALISBURY seemed to regard that compact as a supplementary scheme of salvation.

BUT the French should have little reason to question the sincerity of Ministerial professions when they consider the conversion of LORD SALISBURY in another sphere. PRINCE FERDINAND celebrated last Saturday the fourth anniversary of his unauthorised accession to the Bulgarian throne. He

has held his own for four years against the open hostility of Russia and the frigid apathy of the other Powers. Much contemplation of this spectacle has led LORD SALISBURY to the conviction that MR. GLADSTONE was right some fourteen years ago when he maintained that the Bulgarian peasant was more deserving of sympathy and encouragement than the Ottoman sybarite; so it is the fashion for our reformed Jingoos to hail PRINCE FERDINAND and M. STAMBOULOFF as the pillars of Conservatism in South-Eastern Europe. PRINCE FERDINAND and his Minister are certainly entitled to the highest praise for the courage and tenacity with which they have so far baffled every design, from browbeating to murder, against the independence of their country.

THE situation in China is disquieting and obscure. The diplomatic body is apparently pressing the Peking Government for an indemnity for the recent outrages on foreign residents, and it is uncertain whether the Imperial authorities have really lost control over their subordinates in the disturbed districts or whether they are playing a game which has often been suspected before. The harmony of the foreign representatives is also dubious. LORD SALISBURY is urged by some of his supporters to remember that China is our "natural ally," and that it is of much more importance to make use of her against Russia than to trouble ourselves about missionaries, who, after all, it is urged, are as injudicious as the Bishop of Derry at the Boyne. They have no business to go where they are likely to be killed. We give elsewhere the opinion of a very competent authority on the Chinese difficulty; but it may be said here that any diplomatic manœuvring which tends to make China a factor in European politics demands the most vigilant criticism.

IT looks as if MR. BLAINE were aiming at the Republican nomination for the Presidency of the United States. The reports of his ill-health are discredited, and have, indeed, recoiled upon his opponents. He has attached to his fortunes some of the Republican managers who have hitherto been hostile. MR. HARRISON, who is anxious for a second term of office, does not seem happy in his combinations. The split in the Republican party may be fatal to their chances of victory; but, on the other hand, MR. CLEVELAND is troubled by rebellious satraps in his own camp, and the craze for unlimited silver which possesses a section of the Democrats does not appeal to public confidence. Whether MR. BLAINE will oust MR. HARRISON, and whether MR. CLEVELAND will out-manceuvre GOVERNOR HILL and the silver men, are momentous questions for office-seekers, but no decision is likely to make any material change in the policy of American administration.

ALL this week an International Socialist Congress—"the International over again," as a Paris paper describes it—has been sitting at Brussels, which, though very naturally declining to admit Anarchist delegates, represents all the main varieties of Socialism proper, besides a good many non-Socialist constituents, including a number of the younger trade societies of England. As we write very little business has yet been done. The Congress, indeed, is a welcome contrast to the old International in the comparative absence of rant and of anti-social views, but polyglot debating is a lengthy process, and the order has not been good. The Anti-Semitic agitation abroad has been exhibited in what is, on the whole, its most general aspect—an agitation against certain phases of "capitalism" in countries where capital is scarce; and the English delegates have very sensibly resolved to regard the Congress solely as a Labour, not as a Socialist, Congress, and, still more sensibly, have refused to bind themselves to support none but Socialist candidates for Parliamentary elections. On Thursday, the Congress passed a resolution practi-

cally endorsing the present English methods of dealing with labour disputes.

THE meeting of the British Association at Cardiff this week was opened by a highly technical but still very fascinating address by the President, DR. HUGGINS, on the growth of that Science of Spectroscopy to which he has devoted his life. In the sections on Friday, PROFESSOR OLIVER LODGE protested amusingly against leaving "thought transference" to metaphysicians; the chemist, and geologist, appropriately dealt with metallurgy and coal; and the President of the Economic Section, DR. CUNNINGHAM, sketched the modification by economic fact of the assumptions of the current deductive economics, and explained how some of their conclusions—notably the wage fund and RICARDO's theory of rent—arose from the economic circumstances they had before them. That is generally the case, in fact, with pure deductions from abstract theories of Society.

THE value of money is slowly rising. The immediate cause is the demand for gold for Germany, where it is now becoming clear that immense quantities of both wheat and maize will have to be imported from the United States, and consequently it is extremely probable that large amounts of gold will have to be sent away to pay for the imports. Yet it is not expected here that the German gold demand will continue long. Furthermore, harvesting is now beginning. And by-and-bye it is expected that an American demand for gold will spring up. For all these reasons bankers and bill brokers are beginning to recognise that it is unsafe to take bills at the quotations that have lately prevailed, yet the advance is not considerable. The rate for three months' bank bills is only $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., and it is still difficult for bankers to lend their surplus balances. The silver market continues weak. The demand for India is very slight. The opinion is growing that India will not be able to export as much wheat as seemed probable lately, owing to the failure of the other crops. Portugal and Spain are not buying as much of the metal as a little while ago was generally anticipated. And the great operators in New York are, for the time being, doing nothing. Apparently their attention is for the moment concentrated upon wheat and railway securities. At all events, there is exceedingly little doing in silver, consequently the price is barely 45 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. per oz. There has been some business in Rupee paper, but speculation is checked by the weakness of the silver market.

THE spirit of the Stock Exchange has completely changed this week. Distrust has abated, and a more hopeful feeling prevails. This is mainly due to the prohibition of rye exports from Russia. Everyone now agrees that Western Europe, and even Russia, will have to buy immense quantities of wheat and maize from the United States; therefore it is inferred that American prosperity will continue to advance during the next twelve months, that all classes will do well, and that the business of the railways will increase immensely. A great speculation has already sprung up in New York and Chicago, not only in wheat and maize, but also in railroad securities, and here in London the lead of New York is being followed. There has also been a considerable advance in South American securities. It is believed that the crisis in the Argentine Republic has now reached its worst stage, and people are looking for a gradual improvement. In the foreign market Paris is likewise active, but the Berlin Bourse is very weak, and the probability is that the selling by German capitalists and speculators will before long bring about a considerable fall. The investing public at home is at last coming to the conclusion that prices, for the present at all events, are as low as they are likely to fall, and therefore there is an increase in investment business likewise.

POLITICAL RABIES.

MR. HARRY FURNISS has never done anything better than the series of sketches he drew for *Punch* last winter, in which Mr. Parnell was represented as the Mad Dog of Goldsmith's famous poem; nor has Mr. Parnell himself ever been more conspicuously rabid than in his speech at Kells last Sunday. The three columns which the *Times*, with a keen instinct for the actual result of Mr. Parnell's action, devotes to his speech form melancholy reading. It might have been thought that Prince Bismarck in his utterances since his fall had presented the most marvellous instance of the deterioration which in some natures always attends adversity; but there is a lower depth than any reached by the German Chancellor, and to that depth the ex-Irish leader has descended. From beginning to end his speech at Kells was filled with abuse of all those whom Irishmen now trust and honour; from beginning to end it breathed a spirit of deadly antagonism to the movement of which he was twelve months ago the champion. Whether Mr. Parnell has taken Mr. Balfour's shilling and is now in the pay of the Chief Secretary, we neither know nor care. What is quite clear is that he is bent on doing Mr. Balfour's work, and that not a scruple of any kind—neither regard for truth, for his own personal honour, for the gratitude he owes to those who supported him with unflinching fidelity for years, nor even loyalty to the sacred cause to which he has so often sworn fidelity—will be allowed to stay his rancorous tongue when he sees a chance of wounding any one who has incurred his personal resentment.

It would hardly be worth while to follow the Member for Cork through his prolonged shriek of rage but for one fact. No man can possibly do more than he is now doing to rouse the worst passions of the Irish people; and if he fails—as he manifestly is failing—if they refuse to swallow the fiery draught of hatred he is pressing upon them, they will have given final proof of their fitness to be entrusted with the full right of self-government. It is for this reason, and this only, that Mr. Parnell's present speeches deserve the attention of Englishmen and Scotchmen. Let men remember from what a point of vantage he speaks when he appeals to Irishmen. For sixteen years he was their trusted leader in the struggle for freedom. At his back is the record of many notable victories, the credit of which he allows no man to share with him. No Irishman, even now, can listen to him quite unmoved; and if the voice of reason sounds louder in the ears of the Irish people to-day than the voice of their former chief, it can only be because they have grown wonderfully in self-command, in political wisdom, and in the knowledge of good and evil, since they first sought to restore her lost constitutional rights to Ireland. Nor is the position he held so long the only advantage which Mr. Parnell enjoys in his present campaign. He is preaching a gospel which was too long received as glad tidings by those whom he addresses—the gospel of hatred of England and distrust of English statesmen. In the closing passage of his speech at Kells he used words which, down to six years ago, would have stirred any assembly of Irishmen to the depths of their hearts. "I am glad to be free of this English alliance—free as the air of my own Wicklow mountains," he exclaimed; and who can doubt how the sentiment would have been acclaimed throughout Ireland a few years ago? But to-day it falls upon deaf ears; and the more loudly Mr. Parnell proclaims his mission of hatred against Englishmen in general and English Liberals in particular, the more resolutely do Irishmen turn away

from him and give their support to the leaders who are bent upon maintaining that alliance in which is to be found the one hope of the Irish cause.

We can almost forgive Mr. Parnell his treachery and his falseness because of the splendid service he has thus been the means of rendering to the Irish people and the Irish cause. He has tried both as by fire, and they have stood the test triumphantly. If the Member for Cork cannot rekindle in the breasts of his fellow-countrymen the flames of race-hatred, there is no man living who can do so. We may, therefore, tender our unaffected thanks to him for the service he has done for Home Rule in thus proving that the Irish people have taken their stand on the broad ground of union with their friends in Great Britain, and that from that ground not even their old leader can now dislodge them. But when we turn from the political effect of such a speech as that at Kells to its personal bearing on Mr. Parnell himself, we are brought face to face with a revolting spectacle. There is no need to speak now of his malignant treachery to Mr. Gladstone. It is an old tale, and, moreover, one the moral of which has been well learnt on this side of St. George's Channel. Nor need we be surprised at the fact that, in his growing madness, he now includes Mr. Morley in his mendacious "revelations." The story he had to tell at Kells last Sunday regarding Mr. Morley's dealings with him at the time of the divorce case was, from beginning to end, untrue. That was of course to be expected, for Mr. Parnell has made it abundantly clear that truth is the first thing he is prepared to sacrifice when he has a personal end to gain. It was at the same time, however, stupidly untrue, and passion must have carried the speaker far before he could so far have sacrificed policy to fury. Even his Tory friends in Ireland have felt constrained to dismiss the absurd falsehood with contempt. It is upon Mr. Dillon, however, that he now turns with a ferocity which brings out most clearly his own personal character. Mr. Dillon's fault has been that he was too unwilling to part company with his old chief—too slow to see that the man was bent upon sacrificing his country to his own private ends. So long as he could, he clung to him, and sought almost desperately to find at least some means for breaking the fall which Mr. Parnell had brought upon himself. His reward is that he is now assailed by a series of calumnious lies, each bearing its own witness to the malignity and ingratitude of the author of them. No weapon is too foul to be used by Mr. Parnell against his old friend and ally, no charge too mean or too trumped up to be invented for his discredit. Happily Mr. Dillon, like Mr. Morley, has a personal character, admitted even by his political foes, against which the most venomous attacks of Mr. Parnell are harmless. There can hardly have been, even in the crowd at Kells, a single creature who believed that Mr. Parnell was speaking the truth when he brought his accusations against "honest John Dillon." The mystery is, that there are still here and there Irishmen of good character who have not shaken off the yoke of Parnellism. They have stood by, in silent if not in active approval, whilst he has not only made a display of his personal character the like of which has hardly been seen before, but has deliberately striven to reverse the policy by means of which alone the triumph of the Irish cause is to be hoped for. They have seen him break faith with Mr. Gladstone, with the Liberals of Great Britain and Ireland, with Mr. Dillon, and with the majority of the Irish members; they have seen him sink so low that he has even slunk out of his own vaunting challenges to his Irish opponents, like that addressed

to his colleague in the representation of Cork; they have seen him, breaking loose from the alliance of 1886, seeking again to fill the hearts of Irishmen with bitterness and hatred towards the people of this country; they have even seen him clinging to the funds which were subscribed for the benefit of the Irish tenantry, and refusing to part with a single sixpence to relieve those who are in actual want. All this they have seen, and yet they have remained on the side of the traitor. How much longer they will do so, we cannot pretend to say; but it is well for the cause of Home Rule that these men are but an insignificant fraction of the Irish race, and that Irishmen as a whole have proved their right to govern themselves by their refusal to follow Mr. Parnell in his career of criminal selfishness.

THE FRENCH FLEET AT SPITHEAD.

TWENTY-SIX years have passed since a squadron representing the Navy of Napoleon III. lay at anchor at Spithead, amid general rejoicings. A welcome as warm has been accorded to the representatives of the French Republic. If we, with our insular reserve, have been unable to reach the level of effusion lately manifested at Cronstadt, our gallant visitors will at least have felt no lack of a heartiness behind which lies no *arrière pensée*. A common danger—a contest with the perils of the sea, which must be waged by all alike—and the pride of a noble profession form links which bind all true sailors; and whether in the far China seas, in the Mediterranean, or at Spithead, the seamen of France and England greet each other as comrades. It is one of the inevitable results of the atmosphere of jealous rivalry which pervades Europe that to each manifestation of simple international courtesy some political significance is attached. The British nation desires to testify its respect for the great Power with which for seventy-six years it has lived at peace, and the Queen has rightly interpreted the general sentiment. The Navy of England welcomes the representatives of another great Navy which has fought by its side. This is the whole significance of the event of the week.

The visit of the French squadron serves to bring home a vivid sense of the changes which time has quietly brought about. A hundred years ago, who would have conceived the possibility of an inspection of the fleet of a French Republic by a monarch of England? The same period has wrought a complete revolution in the Navies of the world. Even a quarter of a century has sufficed to change the whole conception of an armour-clad ship.

The nine iron-clads forming the French squadron which arrived at Spithead on the 28th of August, 1865, were the first sea-going representatives of their kind. The original conception of protecting a vessel with iron appears to be due to John Stevens, of New Jersey, who produced a design as early as 1812. The struggle for existence had not then arisen, however, and, although experiments took place in England in 1827 and 1840, no progress was made till the experience of Sebastopol gave clear indication of the effect which shells were capable of producing upon unprotected vessels. The French were quick to apply the lesson, and three armoured floating batteries were employed in the attack on Kinburn. In 1858, the armoured frigates *Gloire*, *Normandie*, *Invincible*, and *Couronne* were laid down. Great Britain following suit with the *Warrior*, *Black Prince*, *Defence*, and *Resistance*. The French vessels were protected throughout their length; their rivals carried only a strip of armour covering the battery. These were the vessels which saluted each other at Spithead twenty-six years ago,

and it is curious that the persistence of the original types is visible in both Navies to-day. Although in the *Achilles*, *Minotaur*, *Agincourt*, and *Northumberland* the armour was extended along the whole ship's side, later British ships have reverted to the unarmoured ends of their predecessors; but the French Navy has, almost without exception, adhered to the principle of a continuous water-line belt.

The squadron now at Spithead consists of one first-class battle-ship, the *Marceau*, two second-class battle-ships, the *Réquin* and the *Marengo*, one coast defence vessel, the *Furieuse*, one third-class protected cruiser, the *Surcouf*, and one torpedo catcher, the *Lance*. These vessels supply several interesting points of comparison with our own craft of similar date. Thus the *Marceau*, launched in 1887, represents the most powerful type in the French Navy. The *Howe*, some years in commission, but launched in the same year, is totally different. The French ship has a continuous belt (18 inches) and great freeboard. On the upper deck are four armoured barbettes, each mounting a 52-ton gun, and on the main deck are seventeen 3-ton guns entirely unprotected. The *Howe* has low freeboard and large unarmoured ends. Her strip of side armour is 18 inches thick. Her armament consists of four 67-ton guns in two armoured barbettes, and six 5-ton guns unprotected. Thus, although both ships carry four heavy armour-protected guns, they have little in common except tonnage and speed. The guns of the French ships are high above the water—a great advantage in a heavy seaway, in which the *Howe* and all our Admiral class are swept fore and aft. Again, the large, unarmoured ends which characterise the latter throw doubts on their stability after receiving injuries. On the other hand, the *Marceau* and her sister ships, *Hoche*, *Magenta*, and *Neptune*, present huge targets to an enemy's fire. The question of relative fighting capacity may be argued at any length; the fact remains that the type which has commended itself to the French differs essentially from our own.

Throughout the French Navy there are signs of greater stability of opinion than has been shown in England. Right or wrong, the French naval architects have evinced much consistency of purpose. Their types of ships are less diverse. They have never admitted the gross exaggeration of guns which we have borrowed from the mistaken policy of Italy, and are already beginning to repent. The so-called "half-boot" class represented by the *Conqueror* and *Hero*, and in an aggravated form by the *Victoria* and *Sans Pareil*, has no counterpart in the Navy of France, whose later battle-ships and even coast defence vessels, such as the *Furieuse* now at Spithead, tend to conform to one general type.

The want of fixed data, and the absence of real war experience, shows itself plainly in the Navies of Europe. Each Power has sought to solve the problem of the battle-ship in its own way. The powerful *Sinope* class, of which the Russian Navy has three examples, has no exact parallel in other countries. The huge Italian ships *Italia* and *Lepanto*, in which all side armour has been abandoned, have not been copied elsewhere. The French have shown in the past a marked capacity for sea warfare, which Italy has yet to prove; and our forefathers learned many lessons in wood ship-building from the beautiful frigates constructed across the Channel. Yet, strangely enough, such traces of conscious or unconscious imitation as may be seen in the British Navy to-day, point rather to an Italian than a French origin. The *Invincible*, *Ajar*, *Agamemnon*, *Colossus*, and *Edinburgh* certainly appear to owe their inspiration to the *Duilio*, at best a doubtful model. This curious tendency—now, it is to be hoped, ended—baffles explanation.

For various reasons, every great Power of Europe is now seeking to create a powerful Navy. Italy is courting financial embarrassment in the feverish effort to maintain a great fleet; which in her case is regarded as a necessary protection against territorial aggression. It is part of the heavy fine that must be paid for the benefits of the Triple Alliance. Russia steadily adds to her battle-ships, and already possesses a powerful squadron of large armoured cruisers, which in the event of a Russo-German war would be of very little use. Germany is creating the nucleus of a fleet of battle-ships, and possesses a considerable force of coast defence vessels, with a powerful torpedo-boat flotilla; but cannot be said to have entered as yet upon a serious naval competition with France. In a new Franco-German war at the present time the Navy on either side would play little part. The United States are constructing a fleet which their interests as a great commercial people demand, even under conditions of neutrality. China and Japan maintain squadrons. The South American Republics are perpetually providing us with naval object-lessons, which, if they could only be better ordered, would probably prove equally satisfactory to the combatants, and at the same time supply us with valuable teaching.

The Navy of France easily ranks next to our own, followed *longo intervallo* by those of Russia and Italy. In first-class battle-ships built and building, our list shows a large superiority, reduced, however, if the twenty-three so-called coast-defence vessels of France, some of which are eminently sea-going, are included. Counting all ships of the above classes, the relative numbers are 57 and 50. In the classes of armoured and protected cruisers, the numbers are as 29 to 18; of smaller cruisers, second and third class, we have a superiority of 16 to 8. Compared with the vastly greater interests depending wholly on sea power, which the British Empire has at stake, this numerical preponderance is relatively small.

The susceptibilities of France cannot be injured by a frank avowal of our determination to hold the dominion of the sea. Our neighbours, in the immense efforts they have made to perfect their military organisation and defend their land frontier, have proved their patriotic resolve to resist territorial aggression. For us existence depends on the rule of the sea, and, while we enter into no military competition with the armed nations of Europe, we dare not brook naval rivalry. This necessity, which will be recognised on both sides, can throw no shadow upon the cordiality of the reception which it is our pride and pleasure to offer to Admiral Gervais and the representatives of the gallant Navy of France.

THE TORY YOUNG MEN.

"IF I were an enterprising young man," said a shrewd Liberal M.P. to the writer, "I should become a Tory." There is a certain truth of cynicism in the remark, which may be taken to be that the Toryism of to-day offers certain intellectual and social opportunities to the kind of man who fifty years ago would have taken to the Church on his way to a Deanery, and who now selects a variety of routes—the Bar, the Civil Service, or the House of Commons. It is quite conceivable to some men of this kind that the last quarter of the century may see a series of Conservative Governments just as the first half witnessed the long triumph of the office-bearing Whigs. The Tory young man, therefore, is in luck's way: he may go where glory and revising barrister-ships wait him. It is still true of his party, as in "Dizzy's" days, that the gods have not been sparing

of the convenient gift of stupidity. And where the stupid party is there will the clever young men be gathered together.

Of this brilliant surface cleverness, combined in many cases with wealth and the most irreproachable social "form," there is no lack in the Conservative ranks. Perhaps its most typical representative is Mr. George Curzon. Mr. Curzon boasts a more faultlessly regular career than perhaps any other young man whose seat is to the right of the Speaker. He was far too wise to attach himself to the party which his relative, Lord Curzon, espoused. He is no schismatic, no Randolphian; his only persuasion, apart from the sacred traditions of Church, Queen, and country, has been of the strictest sect of the Curzonites. He never imparts to his rare and impressive enunciations of Tory doctrine anything more terrifying than an acidulated suggestion of discontent. He has never quarrelled with his causes, like Mr. Hanbury, or spoken disrespectfully of the permanent officials. A certain correctness of habit belongs to him as to the fit of his coat and the sublimely restful set of his necktie and pin. Nor has he exhibited any traces of intellectual development—the signs of the storm and stress which precede the Parliamentary climacteric. Mr. Curzon is to-day precisely the young gentleman who shaped himself to the eye of the prodane Balliol poet:—

"I'm the Hon. George Nathaniel Curzon,
And I am a most superior Purzon.
My hair is black, and smooth, and sleek,
I dine at Blenheim twice a week."

In those days Mr. Curzon was president of the Oxford Union, and made "richly null" speeches, delivered with flawless ease and well-bred signs of interior pleasure. He does this to-day. In the one serious contest of wits and principles, which has marked his Parliamentary career, he showed to great disadvantage by the side of Mr. Asquith, and suggested a certain barrenness and addiction to well-turned commonplace which did injustice to his really excellent parts. Latterly he has somewhat improved; he has become a distinctly fuller man since he did the grand tour, and began, with the faintest possible emphasis, to hint that he had a "line" on Eastern affairs. Still he suggests that indescribable thing which a young man of a certain order of intelligence seems to carry away from his University—a set of primly hoarded maxims, a compact theory of life, neat and round as a new tennis-ball, and not in the least worn into working order by contact with the rude experiences of Parliamentary warfare. Mr. Whitmore has one variety of it; Mr. Elliott Lees has another; Mr. Darling overlays it with lawyer-like sharpness and cynicism; Mr. Hanbury seems the one promising young Tory who has completely outgrown it; while Lord Cranborne adds to it a certain pride of birth which the very fleeting reminiscences of his father's talent do not suffice to keep sweet. Mr. Darling is perter and readier than Mr. Curzon; the Marquis of Carmarthen is sometimes brighter; Lord Cranborne often intervenes in debate with more pungent effect. Mr. Curzon, however, remains the most complete and picturesque embodiment of intellectual self-sufficiency, which does not always escape the suspicion that it is somewhat "dead at heart." Perhaps it is because none of the Tory young men have had Lord Salisbury's early rough-and-tumble experiences; for, great man as he is, one is inclined to think that he would have been a very much smaller one but for the rude breath of adversity which blew on him when he was Lord Robert Cecil. As it is, the new type of Conservative politician, as represented by Mr. Curzon, wants at once enthusiasm and robustness. It is out

of the line of the new social movements; it has no message for or from them. It is away, too, from all the stirring years of modern political history—the Repeal and Corn Law agitations, the movements of '48, the Eastern struggle. It hardly includes a man with a "mission," a gift for self-abandonment, one

"Whose faith in God hez any root
That goes down deeper than his dinner."

On the other hand, it is not in the least reactionary, and only faintly aristocratic, though, if one could safely predict any *role* for an ambitious youngster, with a certain Disraelian *ou dé là* in his character, it would be that of leading another anti-betrayal rally against Lord Salisbury, on similar lines to the immortal crusade against Sir Robert Peel. But none of the Tory young men are geniuses—or Jews. The solid make-up of the party, too, has changed. It is no longer a country faction opposed to a manufacturing interest. The strata have become mixed, and the only new development in parliamentary sides must be a fresh party avowedly constituted in the proletarian cause.

In our survey we have omitted one man of a different and much more forcible stamp than Mr. Curzon and his Oxford friends. Mr. Hanbury's position is hard to define. He began as a follower of Lord Randolph, who himself promised at one time to be the inspirer of a young Conservative party, frankly and unscrupulously democratic, opportunist to the verge of Radicalism, and willing especially to join hands with the Labouchérians in an assault on the last stronghold of the old system of government, the permanent officials. But Lord Randolph's final escapades have convinced every man who has been in turn attracted by his volatile genius that he is to be counted on for nothing more than an exuberance of whim. One of Lord Randolph's faculties, however, has always been his power of interesting more solid personalities than his own, and among these was the junior member for Preston. But Mr. Hanbury meant business and Lord Randolph did not. It is justice to him to say that no man struck deeper into the murky places of officialism, with a firmer hand and nerve, or a more marked impression of reserve power. In a word, Mr. Hanbury is a big man, physically and intellectually. He is not an orator, but he is a most impressive Parliamentary speaker, gifted with courage, knowledge of the world, singular independence of character, knack of handling details, and the lawyer-like gift for cross-examination which makes him a terror to bad witnesses on a Select Committee. To call him a Conservative, however, though it is a courtesy due to his deliberate choice, in no way describes his position. He would have been an extreme Radical in Cobbett's days: he is a tolerably advanced Liberal in these. He thinks and acts for himself with a vigour which has made him intensely distasteful to his chiefs, and may have spoiled his chance of office.

But here again one comes back to the essential futility of a career which is to be realised in alliance with the non-progressive forces in English political life. Mr. Hanbury is a clever man, and he has the makings of an honest one. He may have his choice of the fleshpots if his tastes lie in that direction, as indeed may most men of talent, prudence, and a certain moral cowardice which passes for love of moderation. This is the way in which the Tory young man may get his soul's price at the cost of sinking his personality, abandoning his public interests, and consenting to tail in with statesmen of the type of Baron de Worms and Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett. For Lord Salisbury's

hand is by no means a light one. In him the Tory party have found a hard and vigilant master, who, though he will keep Conservatism in bare touch with modern progress, will tolerate no revolutionary methods, and is in particular linked by close personal ties with the "old gang" in permanent officialdom at which Mr. Hanbury and Lord Randolph struck their hardest blows. After him comes Mr. Balfour, whose social traditions are the same as his uncle's, and whose temperament is not greatly different. It will be an interesting problem to see whether this spirit will suit the younger men on the Treasury Bench, the Gorsts, the Robertsons, and even the Ritchies, men of large and, in the case of Mr. Robertson, of really brilliant gifts—and the small reserve of somewhat impatient talent below the gangway.

THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

THE record of the sixty-first meeting of the British Association, which opened at Cardiff on Wednesday, promises to be of a character very similar to that of its recent predecessors. A few luminous addresses on sundry branches of knowledge will be followed by a flood of minor papers on points of detail, interesting to few but the specialists in those particular fields. Some such specialists will be present, but these will be almost lost amid the crowd of ordinary members and associates, whose knowledge of science is scarcely greater than that of the public at large, and whose interest in the Association meetings is a curious compound of simple curiosity and shallow pretence, largely diluted with a genuine devotion to the excursions and "free shows" which form so large a feature of the gathering.

It would, however, be idle to deny that the British Association still has its uses, or that the Cardiff meeting fulfils a profitable public function. The annual gathering serves as a common meeting ground for hundreds of scientific students from all parts of the country, and if science be not thereby greatly advanced, at any rate friendly good fellowship is promoted. More important still is the influence of the meeting on the town itself. Our British provincial life is only too apt to sink into an insular Philistinism, in which cotton (or coal, or copper, as the case may be) is king. A British Association meeting brings into the town a strong wind of world-life, an unaccustomed consciousness of relativity, which is as salutary as it is sometimes humiliating. There are doubtless some persons in Cardiff who knew all about stellar physics and spectroscopic astronomy before Dr. Huggins' learned presidential address last Wednesday, but thousands of honest folk will have had the subject brought vividly before their minds for the first time, and the mental horizon of hundreds of families will have been permanently widened. This winter's evening classes on physics and astronomy will be swollen because the address dealt with those subjects, and popular education, if not scientific research, will thereby have been appreciably increased.

We have said nothing of the services which the meetings of the British Association might be supposed to render to science itself. Indeed, save in the indirect ways already mentioned, it may be doubted whether science will be much advanced by the Cardiff meeting. The truth is that the British Association has outgrown its usefulness in this respect. The atmosphere of a public meeting is not congenial to scientific discovery, and the multiplicity of subjects is fatal to the serious consideration of any one of them. Except the presidential addresses,

few of the papers secure the sustained attention of their audiences, and the exceptions are almost invariably those least scientific in their character. When a discovery of importance has been laid before the Association it has, for these reasons, often failed to attract attention. Jevons in vain described his theory of value to the Economic Section; Sidney Thomas in vain the basic Bessemer process to the Section of Chemistry and Mineralogy. This would be of less importance if the papers were made accessible to the experts in each department. But, owing to the extent of the field of selection, only a very small proportion of the papers are printed in full, and the mere oral delivery of an abstruse scientific communication is a scarcely more effectual publication than the mumbling of banes of marriage in a deserted City church. Even such papers as are printed are buried in a ponderous "Report," which is not issued until nine months after the meeting. The Council now promises some acceleration of the printing, but declines to publish any larger number of the papers read. The consequence is that scientific investigators prefer to reserve their discoveries for the meetings of the society dealing specially with their particular subject. Here they can be brought effectively within the field of expert criticism, and are ensured the immortality of publication in "Proceedings" consulted by every specialist. To the British Association such students usually bring only the chips from their workshops, except when their turn comes to fill the presidential chair of one of the Sections. The British Association survives, indeed, as a scientific body, partly because it holds out the tempting offer of eventual promotion to this dignity.

It is only fair to add to the record of the utilities of the British Association the working committees which it appoints in certain special departments of scientific work, the grants of money which it makes for useful investigations of unremunerative character, and the establishment of a kind of recognised organ of the opinion of English scientific men on particular subjects of the day. But when all is said, the conclusion can scarcely be avoided that, in these days of fierce competition between Congresses, the British Association meeting is in some danger of decay. The fate of the Social Science Association must, last year, have been much in the minds of its officers, and unless Cardiff shows a greater improvement on Leeds than is yet apparent, something will have to be done. Our own opinion is that the Association is suffering from what may be called fatty degeneration. Its membership has grown too great, the number of papers too large, the annual report too thick, and we are not quite sure we ought not to add that its governing body is composed of persons altogether too celebrated. Organisation has failed to keep pace with growth. The office work is inefficiently performed, the printing is unnecessarily delayed, and inadequate attention is given to the organisation of the Sections. The mode of electing the governing body—at a scratch gathering of such members as happen to be present on one particular day of the meeting—is not calculated to secure effective popular control, whilst it facilitates the intrigues of personal cliques and individual jealousies.

What appears to be needed is a closer approximation of each Section to the scientific society dealing specially with its subject. The British Association Meeting ought, in fact, to serve virtually as the main annual gathering of each of these societies, instead of, as at present, being virtually in competition with them. We are not sure that it would not be well to leave the organising of the Sections largely in the hands of these societies. The papers read in each Section should, at any rate, be

more carefully sifted, and confined to not more than three or four per day. These should all be printed in full, in a separate volume for each Section, which might easily be published within a few weeks after the meeting.

If some reorganisation of this kind is attempted, the British Association meeting may once more become the chief event in the scientific year. But as things are going on, its importance in this respect, save only in the matter of presidential addresses, appears to be steadily declining; and the excellence of its presidential addresses will not, of itself, save it from the fate of the Social Science Congress. From an educational no less than from a scientific point of view, its decline would be a calamity of national importance, and it would be well if the Cardiff meeting should prove a turning-point in its career. But the report which the Council presented on Wednesday gives little hope of any voluntary adoption of the reforms needed to achieve this result.

THE FAILURE OF THE RUSSIAN HARVEST.

THE prohibition of rye exports from Russia has immediately been followed by an extraordinary rise in the price of that grain, rye now, both in Germany and Holland, being actually dearer than wheat. Furthermore, it has stimulated a great speculation in wheat in New York, Chicago, and St. Louis. And, lastly, it has revived, both in the United States and in Europe, the speculation in American railroad securities. It is not surprising that the measure should have so strongly impressed the public imagination on both sides of the Atlantic, for it is the official acknowledgment of one of the gravest events of our time. The population of Russia, numbering more than a hundred millions, is about to be plunged into the deepest distress. Rye is their staple food, and the production this year is only about 70 per cent. of the annual consumption. Roughly, then, one-third of their ordinary food has to be provided in some other way. So grave is the danger that in the first half of August the Government has already found it necessary to allot 15 millions of roubles for public works to keep the people from starving, to undertake to supply seed, and to reduce the rates on the carriage of all kinds of grain upon the Russian railways. In the face of such preparations the assertions of some of the German Press that the prohibition is a political measure seems not a little absurd. However desirous the Russian Government may be of dealing a blow against Germany, it is not likely to scare its own people by intimating that famine is upon them. Unfortunately, the rye crop as well as the wheat crop is more or less deficient all over Western Europe, and thus the demands of such countries as Germany, Scandinavia, Holland, and Italy will be exceptionally large just at the very time when Russia is herself bidding for rye. Everyone admits that enough of rye cannot be provided, and the question is being anxiously asked whether the potato crop also may not be a failure, and whether wheat and maize enough can be obtained at reasonable prices? If the potato crop should be bad, the state of affairs in Russia would be critical indeed. The whole of the wheat raised in the Empire would have to be kept at home, and there would be grave danger likewise of political disturbances. No doubt the authority of the Czar, as head of the Church as well as of the State, is enormously powerful. But even in ordinary years the peasantry can barely pay their taxes. Nihilism, too, pervades every class, in spite of the efforts that have been made to stamp it out. It lurks in the Palace; it pursues its propagandism

in the army and navy; it is widespread amongst the educated classes of every degree. What, then, will be the influence upon it of distress, bordering upon famine, in important districts?

Some of the correspondents are merry or satirical, according to their character, because the German press treats the prohibition of rye exports from Russia as a calamity for Germany. The correspondents, however, might give the German press credit for some little knowledge of what it is speaking about. As a matter of fact, the prohibition is only a little less serious for Germany than for Russia. The poorer classes in Germany live mainly upon rye, and Germany imports from Russia about 90 per cent. of its foreign supply. Now this is suddenly cut off. It is not surprising, then, either that the price of rye rose at once above that of wheat, nor that for the moment German observers are confounded, and are clamouring for a repeal of the import duties upon grain of every kind. Of course, the landowners oppose the demand; and, of course, also the Government declares that it will not give way. But we shall be surprised if General von Caprivi does not find himself before long in somewhat the same position as Sir Robert Peel found himself when the Irish Famine was impending. The poorer classes in Germany cannot get rye—that is clear; and if they could, they would have to pay more for it than for wheat. Maize and potatoes are an inferior food, and wheat is a very much dearer food than they have been accustomed to. Before long it will be a matter of surprise if loud murmurings do not arise because the Government insists upon collecting a tax, for the benefit of the landowners, which raises the price of food in a period of severe distress. Whatever course the Government adopts, it is obvious that the working classes in Germany will suffer severely. Little or no wheat is to be got from Russia. The wheat harvest all over Western Europe is deficient. Owing to the bad Monsoon rains in India, the export of wheat thence is likely to be smaller than was expected. And thus the one great source of supply for all Europe will be the United States. There, of course, speculation has already begun to run up the price, and by-and-bye we may expect to see combinations formed in the great grain centres for keeping it up at an exorbitant figure. Therefore wheat is likely to be 20 or 30 per cent. dearer in the coming twelve months than it has been for the past few years. If it is, the very poor in Germany cannot afford either wheat or rye, and will have to fall back upon less nutritious and less attractive food. Every trade that is at all dependent upon the expenditure of the working classes will be depressed; and from those trades to all others a wave of depression will pass. Already trade is seriously falling off in Germany. It is likely to fall off much more under the influence of short crops and high prices for food. It will be odd, then, if the Government can maintain the duties upon corn in the face of an almost universally discontented people.

What is true of Germany is true in a lesser degree of the other countries of Western Europe. Wheat will be dearer everywhere than it has been for some time past, and therefore a larger proportion of the wages of the working classes will have to be spent upon bread. But the more advanced countries of Western Europe, such as our own and France, live mainly upon wheat, and therefore the change to the working classes there will be nothing like so great as it will be in Germany. In the richer countries wheat no doubt will be dearer; but in Germany the change will be, not from cheap wheat to dear wheat, but from an article like rye, which is usually much cheaper than wheat, to dear wheat. On the other hand, while Western Europe will suffer

from the partial failure of the crops at home and the serious failure in Russia, the United States will proportionately benefit. The farmers have immense crops to dispose of, and will be able to sell them at exceptionally high prices. Their profits thus will be doubly augmented. The railways will have immense cargoes of food to carry from the interior to the seaboard, and will be able to exact remunerative rates for the carriage. The farmers and the railroads both being thus prosperous, all other classes will share in the prosperity. Great as is the development of industry in the United States, the country is still almost purely agricultural; and when agriculture is exceptionally prosperous, all industries must be so too. It is not surprising, then, that there is already an outburst of speculation. Nor is this all. For some time past there has been an apprehension that silver will drive gold out of circulation, and it has been increased by the large exports of gold in the first half of the current year. But now everybody sees that Americans will be able to take back as much of the gold they parted with lately as they please, in payment for the wheat they sell to Western Europe. By-and-bye, therefore, everyone expects that the American Money Market will be made easy, and everyone therefore is looking for exceptionally prosperous times in the immediate future. On the other hand, the difficulties in Europe are likely to be increased by the same cause. Germany has to supply herself not only with the deficiency in her wheat crop, but also with the deficiency in her own and the Russian rye crop. Whether she imports more wheat or more maize matters little, except that of course the price will be smaller on the second supposition. In either event she will have to buy immensely more than she is in the habit of doing from the United States; and if the American vendors please, she may have to pay for the greater part of the imports in gold.

Therefore, it is only too probable that by-and-bye large withdrawals of gold from the Imperial Bank of Germany for New York will begin, that the German Money Market in consequence will be disturbed, and that there will be difficulties upon the Berlin Bourse. Our own country and France will likewise have to buy more wheat, but they will hardly be such sufferers as Germany; and unless Germany can divert the demand for gold from herself to either this country or France by selling in London and Paris immense quantities of Stock Exchange securities, the drain of gold from the country is likely to be very severe.

CHRONICLE OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

IN spite of the holiday season, or partly in consequence of it, a good deal seems to have happened on the Continent this week: much of it, indeed, requires a more detailed treatment than it can receive in this Chronicle. We deal elsewhere with the difficulties caused by the prohibition of the export of grain from Russia, and the stubborn refusal (so far) of the German Government to lower the duties, or take any measures of more than infinitesimal effect towards meeting the impending distress. The exchange of international courtesies, too, is not yet over, though a more sober judgment as to their political effect seems to be gradually spreading in Europe. The philo-Russian demonstrations in France have extended even to a steam yacht, built at Nantes for a Russian Grand Duke, on her return from her trial trip. The French fleet now at Portsmouth has been welcomed at Christiansand, and our own Mediterranean squadron very cordially received at Villefranche, near Nice. King Alexander of Serbia, who travelled from Lucerne to Paris with his father, has been

staying in Paris, and has been entertained by President Carnot at Fontainebleau. The Socialists of Europe have been fraternising among themselves, and with some non-Socialists, chiefly English trades unionists, at Brussels; but they have, very naturally, declined to receive Anarchists into the brotherhood. A group of railway accidents some in France, one near Bologna, the most serious that of Monday near Berner; a steamboat accident, due to the overturning of a gangway, on the Lake of Como; and a freshet in the Southern Tyrol, on the Brenner railway, between Franzens-feste and Botzen, are the only non-political events calling for mention.

French politics this week exhibit a certain renewal of activity. The Departmental Councils indeed, which began their session on Monday, have ceased to be political; and except that in the Mayenne, formerly a Bonapartist stronghold, the anti-Republican officials and committees were replaced by Republicans, and that M. Jules Ferry delivered an important address in the Vosges, pointing out the approaching disintegration of the old anti-Republican parties and the gradual effacement of acute political enmities, there is nothing of interest reported. Two bye-elections on Sunday testify to this disintegration. In the Deux Sèvres a Republican candidate for the post of Senator beat a so-called "Independent" by a considerable majority; while in the Saône-et-Loire a Republican was elected to the Chamber by 3,522 to 12, though at the last General Election the Republican was only returned with difficulty. This time, it seems, no anti-Republican or "Independent" candidate could be found.

Perhaps a more striking testimony to the weakness of the opposition to the present régime was afforded by a melancholy Bonapartist "banquet" on Saturday in Paris—meagre, it is said, in viands as in speeches, and uncheered even by a telegram from the Pretender. Shouts for salmon mingled with the cries of "Vive l'Empereur!" and the four hundred guests spent a dreary evening.

On Monday evening, too, there was a large Boulangist meeting in Paris at the Cirque d'Hiver to thank Russia for her sympathy with France and to protest against the visit of the French fleet to Portsmouth. These sentiments were expressed by M. Laur and M. Millevoye. General Boulanger himself telegraphed from Brussels, signifying his disapproval. The early part of the meeting was disturbed a good deal by the forcible expulsion of Anarchists, and its close was very nearly marked by the assassination of M. Laur. His eyelid was grazed and his coachman wounded by a pistol-shot, attributed to an Anarchist engraver named Fontaine. The chief result has been the seizure by the police of a number of Anarchist pamphlets.

The new Dutch Liberal Ministry was at last completed on Wednesday, with M. Tak van Poortvliet as Premier and M. van Tienhoven Minister of Foreign Affairs.

The report drawn up by M. Smet de Meyer, as the result of the deliberations of the Committee of the Chamber on the proposed extension of the franchise in Belgium is stated to contain a strong condemnation of Universal Suffrage, and to recommend a franchise based on occupation, after the English model. Parliament has adjourned, and the question (according to the *Times* correspondent) is postponed until after "a debate on the reform of the communal and provincial electoral system which shall result in an agreement between all parties in the Chamber"—that is to say, we presume, till after the Greek Kalends. Now, the projected general strike in Belgium last May was only terminated because the Government undertook to deal with the question speedily. Can they be trusting that the rise in the price of bread will make another general strike impossible just now?

Much dissatisfaction has been expressed in Belgium with regard to the new fortifications on the Meuse, defending the S. and S.E. frontier, the actual cost of

which has come to three times the estimate. However, the Government has accepted the responsibility, and the necessary money has been voted. A correspondent of the *Journal des Débats*, an expert, is of opinion that the Belgians have value for their money; but that, until military service is compulsory on all, there will not be soldiers to man the defences. The main exterior forts are now ready, and only certain subsidiary works in the rear await completion.

The negotiations relating to a commercial treaty between Austria, Germany, and Switzerland have been broken off in order that there may be no interference with the commencement of those with Italy. It is hoped, however, that they may eventually be resumed. It is stated that negotiations are also proceeding with Belgium, but that the German Government is anxious just now to avoid publicity—possibly that it may present all the treaties which are to establish the Customs League of Central Europe to the Reichstag at once, to be accepted or rejected practically *en bloc*.

The German Emperor is said to be making good progress towards recovery. According to one account, he slept on his yacht at Kiel to avoid the temptation to ride on horseback which would beset him elsewhere. Wild stories have been published in Paris to the effect that his injuries were really caused in a struggle during a sudden attack of insanity.

The Holy Coat was exhibited to the faithful at Treves on Friday for the first time since 1811. The genuineness of the garment is not guaranteed, and rival coats occur elsewhere. Nevertheless, the spectacle will attract crowds, including two shiploads of pilgrims from America.

The Hungarian Parliament has adjourned till October 3rd.

A "cloudburst" on the mountains which overhang the Brenner line has flooded the village of Kollman, between Franzens-feste and Brixen, destroying seven houses and forty-three lives. Similar disasters have also befallen other side-valleys in the neighbourhood. The valleys of the Italian Tyrol seem specially exposed to these calamities. A like accident happened last August at Zoldo, not very far from Cadore; and the Brenner line was interrupted for some time in 1888, as it is now, by the overflowing of the Eisack misprinted, by the way, in all the London papers.

The Bernese Centenary Festival, but for its premature close, has gone off admirably—so admirably that the leading journal of the city did not appear for two days, and has since drawn its account of the proceedings entirely from papers published elsewhere. The historical play and the procession were each an unqualified spectacular success. Some of the personages were represented by their actual descendants—a most effective application of an idea akin to that embodied in the Roman *lus Troia* drama. Unfortunately, the fête was abruptly terminated by the accident of Monday morning at Zollikofen, where the line from Biemme crosses that from Bade. The express from Paris ran into an excursion train from Biemme, telescoping three carriages and causing the death to the present time of fourteen persons, including one entire family. The loss of life would have been greater but that the last carriage was extemporised from a goods wagon with broad side doors, and not one of the long "American cars" with exits only at the ends, which would-be reformers so often recommend for our adoption. The passengers in it saw the train coming, and had, mostly, time to get out; it was the next carriage, in fact, that suffered most.

The anniversary of Prince Ferdinand's accession to the throne of Bulgaria was celebrated on Friday week. Congratulations are necessarily confined to a portion of the press of Western Europe. One would like, meanwhile, to know how the suspected participants in the conspiracy of last April are faring in the dungeons to which, according to recent reports, they have been consigned. In general, however,

Bulgaria affords the most striking verification of the theory of English Liberals in 1876. An independent State of Southern Slavs mainly, at any rate it preserves its independence in the face of European discouragement, and constitutes the strongest barrier south of the Danube to the Pan Slavist propaganda which some day will play havoc with the Austrian Empire.

The Porte is said to be getting restless about Bulgaria as well as about Egypt, and to be about to demand a return to the provisions of the Treaty of Berlin. But the Porte should have its hands full in Yemen and in Crete. In the former, it is said, the insurgents are holding out, and the Turkish troops are not strong enough to attack; while reinforcements can only be found with the utmost difficulty. In Crete, however, "new hungry hordes of Turkish troops" are, according to a Greek source, devastating the island, maltreating and scourging the men and terrorising the women.

A fresh Ministry has been formed in Hayti, but civil war seems daily expected.

After waiting ten days at St. Vincent, the *Presidente Kravarez* sailed thence for Montevideo on Tuesday, after testing her engines and guns, and apparently completing her crew. The *Presidente Paulo* has passed Gibraltar a week out from Genoa. Desperate efforts to obtain recruits are reported on the part of President Balmaceda. In the war between Peru and Chili, the soldiers of the former nation were sometimes paraded with each file lashed to a long rope, to prevent desertion. Hardly any other measure, we imagine, would be likely to retain Balmacedist recruits. An anti-Balmacedist expedition has called at Antofagasta on its way southwards.

THE POSITION IN CHINA.

NEGOTIATIONS consequent on anti-foreign riots follow a regular and well-recognised course. The first efforts of the authorities is always to minimise the importance of the outrages committed, and, when they find that this is impossible, they promise that exemplary justice shall be meted out to the rioters and that full recompense shall be paid for the injuries inflicted. Next, having by these means assuaged the wrath of the "outer barbarian," they attempt to evade the fulfilment of their promises, by various and specious excuses; and finally, when they find that the foreign Governments are in earnest in making their demands, they yield all that is required of them. The present negotiations have now reached the second stage. So soon as it became apparent that the foreign Ministers at Peking were fully alive to the importance of the outrages which had been committed on the Yang-tze-kiang, the Tsungli Yamén bestirred itself and caused the Emperor to issue the decree which was published a few days since.

This document furnishes a typical specimen of Chinese statecraft. It is full of denunciations of the perpetrators of the outrages, and is exemplary in its demands that the officials should do their duty in protecting foreigners against the violence of the mobs. But there is a certain ring about it which reminds us of stage thunder; and when its sounding phrases are compared with the actual course of events, it becomes only too plain that it is not to be treated seriously. Nothing can be better than the Emperor's command that the provincial authorities should cause the arrest of the leaders of the riots, and "should inflict capital punishment upon them as a warning and example to others." But how is the Chinese Minister in London instructed to put the case before Lord Salisbury? Riots took place, we know, at seven towns, at all of which there was considerable destruction of property, and at one two Englishmen were murdered. The leaders in these outrages, who were to be numbered by scores, are well-known, and, if the Emperor's edict means anything at

all, ought at once to be arrested, and, on conviction, to be beheaded. But this is not the view of Tsungli Yamén officials, who, speaking through their mouth-piece the Chinese Minister, announce that in all four men have been beheaded, and that they are "apprehensive lest the excitement might be revived and increased, rather than allayed, by further executions."

But the Emperor is not content with breathing out vengeance against the leaders of the mobs: he denounces in scarcely less scathing terms the officials who have allowed events to attain such untoward developments. Here, again, the real movers of the puppets step athwart the Imperial will, for, unless persistent rumour is at fault, the only mandarin who has been punished is the one official who risked his life to save the foreign men, women, and children who were at the mercy of the rioters. In this case there can be no delusion as to the difficulty of reaching some at least of the real culprits. At his first interview with the Taotai of the district, Mr. Consul Gardner pointed out to him that "the Makow-tze (a local official at Woo-sueh) behaved infamously. On two occasions he turned the (missionary) women out of his house; he not only did nothing, but worse than nothing, on two occasions. The Urh-fu (sub-prefect) also behaved very badly in refusing to give the Lung Ping men to quell the riot. By this refusal, the life of, certainly, Mr. Green was sacrificed, and perhaps the life of Mr. Argent also." Here, then, we have distinct charges made against these two men by a responsible official who was fully conversant with all the facts of the case. If the charges can be sustained, and the evidence is overwhelming in support of them, our Minister should be instructed to insist on these men being punished with the full rigour of the law. To pretend to do justice, and then to leave these prime offenders at liberty, is to insult the foreign Powers and to encourage further outrages on Europeans. It cannot be too strenuously insisted on that those officials who openly encouraged the mob should, as publicly, receive a full measure of punishment. Until this is done it will be impossible to persuade either foreigners or natives that the Government is in earnest in its denunciation of the rioters.

Mingled with the Emperor's mimic thunder, however, are evidences that he is considerably disturbed by the simultaneous outbreak of hostilities in so many districts. "For years past," he says, "the relations which have existed between the Chinese and the foreign missionaries have been those of peace and goodwill. How, then, comes it that several missionary establishments have been burnt and destroyed, and all about the same time?" If, when he perned his edict, he had been able to foresee later events, he would have been still more disquieted; for we now learn that riots have occurred at Tsien-kiang, a town at a considerable distance to the westward of Hankow, and that, therefore, the area of disturbance has extended itself with alarming persistence. So far as it is possible to judge from the telegrams received, the district which is infected with the anti-foreign mania is a triangular territory having the Yang-tze-kiang from the neighbourhood of Tsien-kiang on the west to Weehee on the east as the base, and Fuchow Fu in Kiangsi as the apex—in other words, a tract of country not much smaller than England.

That the people over so wide an area should be showing signs of disquiet must naturally awaken feelings of apprehension on the part of the Emperor, more especially if it be true, as the Chinese Minister at this Court believes, that the movement is due to secret societies who have for their aim the overthrow of his dynasty. Whether this be the case or not, it cannot be denied that the authorities are now reaping the fruits of their own culpable negligence. For years past they have publicly demonstrated by their conduct their adherence to the old belief that all foreigners are barbarians, who may be treated with contempt and indifference by the favoured inhabitants of the Flowery Land. Throughout the whole course of the recent

riots the action of the mandarins has been such as to give full support to this attitude. When warned by the issue of insulting proclamations—the usual storm-signals in China—of the approaching danger, they took no steps to preserve order; and when at Woo-such the missionary establishments were wrecked and burnt, the two principal local officials behaved, as Mr. Consul Gardner says, “infamously,” refusing help to the foreigners, and in one case actually turning the fugitive women out of doors into the midst of an infuriated mob.

These two men were, however, minor officials; but if report speaks truly, a far more important personage has been scarcely less guilty. It is stated that while the people at Tsen-kiang were agitated by the rumours aloft of the murder of children by the missionaries, the Viceroy of Hupeh wrote to the local officials ordering “that the residences of foreigners should be searched to see if they had any babies’ or dead people’s bones.” This is nothing short of a direct incentive to violence, and is much as if in some benighted country district—to compare small things with great—on the charge of witchcraft being brought against some old hag, the magistrate were to order that she should be put to the test in the nearest pond. When the international relations of two great empires are at stake, such conduct is infamous, and should at once be followed by the removal of the offending official.

But something more than the punishment of peccant mandarins and the payment of an indemnity for the destruction wrought is required before the foreign relations of China can be made to rest on a sure basis. The Government must throw aside the distrust and ill-will which has ever marked its conduct towards the Treaty Powers, and must sweep away the triple wall of seclusion by which it has sought to cut itself off from the rest of the world. It has been compelled by circumstances to conclude treaties for the admission of foreigners into the country, and though this has doubtless been done unwillingly, it should be made plainly to understand that there is no retreat from the engagements it has entered into. But *vestigia nulla retrorsum* is a truth which Chinese mandarins refuse to recognise. Since the conclusion of the treaties their main object has been to minimise the advantages given to foreigners, and, step by step, to recover the privileges which they were then compelled to grant. So long as this spirit rules in the councils of the ministers at Peking, so long must we expect to hear of occasional outrages committed on foreigners; and the Emperor’s advisers should be given distinctly to understand that this is so recognised by the foreign Powers, who will hold them directly responsible for every outbreak, and will insist on the strict fulfilment of every treaty obligation. R. K. DOUGLAS.

A NEW ERA OF MEDICAL PRACTICE.

WHEN the Prince of Wales, at the inaugural meeting of the Hygienic Congress, asked “Why, if these diseases are preventable, are they not prevented?” he put, in a few words, the gist of the whole inquiry. The answer to this question was given by Sir Douglas Galton at the concluding meeting last Monday. “Whilst a small instructed minority understand the necessity of obeying hygienic laws, the mass of mankind is careless and indifferent, so that the portions of those laws which are personal in their application remain a dead letter.”

It is in overcoming this primary difficulty that the beneficial influence of the Congress will be chiefly felt. Indeed, amongst the many and varied benefits which we in England may expect to derive from the meeting, no one is so important and far-reaching as the promulgation amongst the people of the laws of health, and of the knowledge that we are

on the eve of the establishment of an entirely new theory and practice of the treatment of disease. And that this message has gone forth throughout the length and breadth of the land is clear from the admirable reports of the doings of the Congress which have appeared in the metropolitan and provincial press, and from the interest which the general, as distinguished from the professional public is now taking in all questions relating to the health of the people. The explanation of this general interest is not far to seek. The fact that prevention is better than cure comes home to everyone, and the knowledge that the efforts of those whose business in life is to look after our corporate as well as our individual health are now directed perhaps more to prevent than to cure our ailments is one welcomed and understood by most people. But although the truth of this proposition may be admitted by all, only a few at present understand the principles upon which this science of preventive medicine is founded. That cleanliness is next to godliness we all recognise as a good and true axiom; indeed, taken in its widest sense, the carrying out of the commandment to be clean is the first and, one may say, the sole essential. But then, we must know what is meant by cleanliness. Dirt is defined as something in its wrong place. We have to find out where that something lurks, what it is, and how to remove it. If we accomplish this effectually we shall have done all that preventive medicine calls upon us to do, for then we shall have removed the causes of disease. The fact that almost all diseases are produced by the presence of some definite and distinct substance, whether organised or not, and that if this substance be removed the disease disappears, is the principle lying at the foundation of the new treatment. Only discover what that peculiar something may be, and find out how to prevent its entrance into the body—or how to get rid of it or to modify its action when it has effected an entrance—and you have decided a question which the professors of the healing art have for centuries striven in vain to solve, because thus far they have been pure empirics, working merely by precedent and rule of thumb. The microscope, and the microscope alone, has revolutionised the study and treatment of disease. Without the knowledge which the development of the science of optics has brought to bear upon the construction of high-power lenses, the discovery of the causes of disease was impossible. With its help an entirely new science stands revealed, and a confident hope amounting to conviction is now entertained that, the true cause of diseases being ascertained, their prevention must ultimately follow. And this because the substances productive of such wonderful effects are so minute that they elude all means of detection but the most modern and powerful. Thus it comes about that the science of Bacteriology has been established—a science which treats of the life-history and functions of the smallest and yet the most widely diffused of living organisms, which play an important but a hitherto undreamt-of part in the economy of nature. How important is the part played by these organisms we are only beginning to learn. They act not only as the scourges, but also as the supporters of life on the earth. Without them there might be no disease, but also possibly no life. They teem in every drop of water and float in every breath of air. Of their variety there is no end. Some of them inhabit our bodies for good, and others for harm. Some act as deadly poisons, whilst others assist the healthy functions of life. Each has its special form and habit, and each possesses characteristics as well marked as those of any of the larger structures to which we give the names of plants and animals. To investigate the forms and habits, to separate and distinguish the harmless from the harmful, to note the action of the latter on animal life, and, lastly, to try to mitigate their poisonous character, or to find antidotes for their poison: this is some of the work which the Bacteriologist sets himself to accomplish.

The man of all others whose name stands forth as the founder of this new science is Pasteur. It is to him that we owe the sure experimental basis on which the subject now rests. He originated the methods which have led to the marvellous results hitherto attained, and it is his genius and skill that we shall have to thank for results, still more astounding and still more important, yet to come. For the number of active and zealous labourers in this new field is already large, and the work which is being done day by day all the world over is immense. In proof of this we only need read the reports of the proceedings of the Bacteriological Section so ably presided over by Sir Joseph Lister, and for ocular demonstration we only need to have visited the museum in Burlington Gardens and looked under each of the hundred microscopes, to have assured ourselves of the wonderful results obtained by patient investigators of all countries. There were to be seen the special organism characteristic of the particular disease, not merely alone, but in contact with the diseased tissue, and there the layman could at once convince himself of the truth of the statements made by the bacteriologist so far, at any rate, as the existence of these organisms is concerned.

But it is not enough for the investigator to ascertain the presence of these microbes. He must examine their action if his work is to be of service to humanity. He must find out whether they are harmful, whether they can produce the disease, as this is a necessary preliminary to prevention. How is he to do this? Either he must try their effect upon human beings or upon the so-called lower animals. He chooses the latter, for it is by experiments of this kind, and by such alone, that he can expect ever to be able to discover—as he has already in many cases discovered—means of modifying the virus or of preparing an antidote which shall afterwards be employed for the benefit of mankind. That such experiments, conducted with due consideration and with this sole aim in view, are in accordance with laws both divine and human must be admitted by all whose views are not blinded by fanaticism. There may be persons who still believe that to sacrifice the life of a rabbit to save that of a man is a crime, but such must be classed with the “peculiar people” who altogether refuse medical aid in case of illness or accident because “all things are sent by the Lord;” and the opposition of such persons will be of no avail in arresting the progress of science. But to secure this progress we need both men and money. The first we have in abundance, for the number of talented young Englishmen who are devoting themselves to the study of the New Medicine is a gratifying sign of the times. The second requisite is a more difficult matter. We in this country have been accustomed to rely on private effort and private benevolence for carrying out measures for the good of the people which other nations have long deemed it the duty of the Commonwealth to accomplish. Hence it comes that whilst on the Continent almost every country has already established Government institutions for the investigation of disease from this new point of view, we in England are only beginning to realise the imperative necessity of such a foundation, and still have to depend upon private sources for its establishment. Sir James Paget, in moving the vote of thanks to the Prince of Wales, at the meeting in St. James’s Hall, struck the right note when he said that he wished to call attention to the necessity of the pursuit of the most scientific subjects as tending naturally to the improvement of health as a motive why Governments might well encourage investigation of such subjects. Already, he added, excellent work had been done in this direction in connection with the Local Government Board under Sir John Simon and Dr. Buchanan. Much remained to be done, and it would be well if the unanimous voice of this Congress should make it clear to every Government in the world that it was a part of its

duty to promote the cultivation of the deepest science as much as the ordinary routine of sanitary improvement.

To this eloquent appeal I would venture to add a few words of my own with which I closed the presidential address to the Section of Chemistry and Physics, not because I can say anything better than has been said above, but because it is well that the public should know that English men of science are moving in this matter of making provision for investigation into the principles upon which the New Medicine is founded, and for the spread of those principles amongst the people:

“All well-wishers to the progress of this new science, whether English members or the foreign guests who have honoured the Congress by their presence, will rejoice to learn that we in England, determined no longer to lag behind our Continental friends, are about to establish a National Institute of Preventive Medicine, in which not only researches of the kind I have alluded to can be satisfactorily carried out, but where instruction in the numerous special branches of science, upon which the health of the nation depends, can be given. Those who have interested themselves in this movement feel that it is no less than a national disgrace that, whilst almost every other civilised nation has established an institute of the kind in its midst, we in England should stand alone inactive and supine. We believe that the necessity for such a national institute only requires to be made generally known to be universally acknowledged, and we feel confident that now, having obtained the first step towards the attainment of our object—viz., recognition under licence of the Board of Trade—and having already received from the Berridge Trustees a handsome sum as a commencement, the Council of the Institute will only have to ask in order to obtain the considerable amount of pecuniary support necessary for carrying on the work of the institute on a scale worthy of the country. This support must come wholly from private sources, for our Government, unlike that of many countries, as yet holds aloof from supporting institutes of this kind, however necessary they may be to the general well-being of the country. The time may not be far distant when different views will prevail, and when Parliament will consider it one of its first and most binding duties to support by Imperial grant an institution whose sole aim is that of increasing our knowledge of the conditions upon which the health of the nation ultimately depends, and of diffusing that knowledge widely throughout the land.”

H. E. ROSCOE.

THE YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK.

THE terrific display of volcanic force which in 1886 destroyed the famous Pink and White Terraces of New Zealand brought grief to the lover of natural beauty, but at the same time it ministered to the pride of the not too humble dweller in the United States. For from that date the exquisitely formed and beautifully coloured terraces of the Mammoth Hot Springs in the great “National Park” have been left not only without a rival, but without even an aspirant to that honour. The enormous area of the United States west of the Mississippi contains much scenery of a very commonplace order, and vast districts of arid lands that are not likely for generations to come—if ever to be of much service to the cultivator. But in districts like Pike’s Peak, the Grand Cañon of the Colorado, the Yosemite Valley, and the great geyser basins of the Fire Hole River, it possesses natural beauties that must afford continuous pleasure to an ever-increasing stream of visitors.

Between the State of Montana, famed for cattle-ranches, on the north, and Colorado, notorious for the amount of unremunerative English capital sunk in its undoubtedly rich mines, on the south, lies the State of Wyoming, one of the most recent additions to the stars on the flag of the Republic. It has an area of nearly 100,000 square miles, and occupies one of the great plateaus formed by the Rocky Mountains, having a mean level of from 6,000 to 7,000 feet above the sea. The north-western section of this State, because of its extraordinary natural features, has been by a paternal Congress for all time “dedicated and set apart as a public park or pleasuring ground for the benefit of the people of the United States.” The area embraced by this statute is sixty-five miles in length and fifty-five in breadth, 3,375 square miles in all—a liberal gift to the nation even in a land where territory is so plentiful as in the Great West.

Having recently had the opportunity of inspecting many of the marvels of this district, we were struck first of all by the fact that the citizens of the United States are apparently not very eager to avail themselves of the privilege; and secondly by the conviction that Congress does not wish them to do so. Otherwise, instead of the paltry appropriation which it now annually and with great reluctance makes, it would set aside a sufficient sum to open up the Park by railway, and to provide decent hotel accommodation near the great geyser-basins. The Park abounds in scenery pleasant and refreshing to the eye, and here only in the States may the buffalo now be seen. But the points of supreme interest are scattered over the whole area, and can at present be reached only by long, rough, and fatiguing coach rides, which very early in the season become serious trials of both temper and endurance from the dust, the heat, and the mosquitoes, and which late in the season are well-nigh intolerable. All this could be obviated, multitudes induced to visit the region, and thus receive a stimulating education in natural marvels, and the Park become national in reality as well as name, by the expenditure in railway construction of a sum which in the eyes of an election "boss" would appear a mere trifle.

That comparatively few Englishmen have explored the Yellowstone Park is less surprising, perhaps, than the fact that up to the present so few Americans have set them the example. Interrogate the passengers on one of the big liners crossing from New York to Liverpool in June or July, and out of the five hundred eager to begin "globe-trotting" over Europe not one in thirty will have seen the Yosemite, or watched the fascinating display of the Splendid Geyser or of Old Faithful.

The Yellowstone Park well deserves its name of the Wonderland of the States, since, with thousands of hot springs and manifold traces of past and present volcanic activity, it abounds on every hand in objects of interest. We look at the top of a mountain, and are struck by the length of time the white cloud lingers on the summit: until we discover that it has not been tempted to dally for a moment in passing, but is proceeding from the depths of the mountain itself. We stoop down to touch the tiny babbling stream, crystal clear, that runs by the road, and receive a shock as we find the water much nearer the boiling point than is pleasant. The ear catches a bubbling sound, and wandering in the direction whence it comes, we find a hole in the earth, sometimes a foot or two, sometimes eight or ten feet in diameter, within which water is ceaselessly boiling, ever and anon throwing up tiny columns of spray. We pick up by the wayside what looks like a fragment of coal, and find that it is obsidian or black glass, and that it has fallen from a cliff of the same material one thousand feet high. And thus, gradually, we become inured to sights and sounds and occurrences that anywhere else would be uncanny, but which here after the first few hours appear quite normal. The spice of excitement, said to be needful for all pleasure, is furnished by the abiding conviction that we are walking over a thin crust which at any moment might let us through into the great reservoir of heat and force of which the manifold surface exhibitions are but tiny measures. That the whole region at no very distant epoch may be the scene of volcanic action on the grand scale, like that which in 1886 visited Mount Tarawera, is by no means improbable. Only last summer the evidences of internal heat were both more numerous and more imposing than usual.

The exceptional natural features of the Park are the Grand Cañon, the great geysers, and the Mammoth Hot Springs. To inspect these marvels alone is well worth the time and expense involved in the journey across the Atlantic, and the further 2,500 miles of railway travelling on the other shore. Does the reader, to whom these distances, and the conditions under which they must necessarily be

traversed, seem formidable, say, "Can they be worth it?" Let us see.

The Mammoth Hot Springs is the name given to an enormous mass that has been built up and is still being enlarged by the action of hot springs impregnated mainly with lime and silica. This mass is broken up into various terraces, which have received names more or less fanciful, such as Jupiter, Minerva, and Cleopatra, but which all present similar characteristics of novelty, interest, and beauty. Seen at a distance they resemble lovely waterfalls that have been suddenly arrested, and turned into stone, but presenting to the eye such tints as are found only in richly-coloured marble. In one pink prevails; in another various rich shades of brown and terracotta; in another lovely cream tones; in another a pearly white, hard for the eye to bear under a summer sun. If we climb up the petrified cascade, we find at the top of each an expanse, sometimes small, sometimes covering acres, of level "formation," that is, mineral deposit from the springs through which the hot water is gently but ceaselessly bubbling up, and by overflowing perfecting its exquisite workmanship, and building up these lovely terraces. Wherever the water ceases to flow the formation begins to crumble and decay. To sit and gaze upon the largest of these, Jupiter's Terrace, is to feast the eye upon a wealth and variety of colour which is at once the fascination and the despair of an artist. This area, about 150 or 200 yards square, is covered by a large number of springs. Each spring is surrounded with a low wall of "formation," and over one or more sides of this the water gently flows. One pool is white, another turquoise-blue, another red, another green, another brown, and all these colours in an endless gradation of shades, all blending into a *coup d'œil* of matchless loveliness.

The only rival as regards colour to this far-famed spot is the Grand Cañon of the Yellowstone. This, however, lies at a distance of forty miles, and under existing circumstances can be reached only after a long and fatiguing ride through interesting but in no way remarkable country. Once seen we believe few travellers will differ from us in the view that here is to be found a stupendous work of Nature, unique and of surpassing beauty. We saw it after a careful study of the precipitous cliffs and tortuous windings of the Royal Gorge of the Arkansas, the manifold beauties of the Black Cañon, the grim and grey mountain walls of the Yosemite, and the richly-coloured sandstones that flank the sides of the Gunnison, and we felt that it left them all far behind.

The Yellowstone River, beginning its course of 1,300 miles ere it joins the Missouri, flows into and through the Yellowstone Lake, reaches the hills, falls 150 feet, rushes along as a series of rapids, plunges in a fall of great beauty down 350 feet more, and then for eight or ten miles rushes through a deep chasm with walls 1,200 to 1,500 feet high, always very steep, and in some cases only thirty degrees or so from the perpendicular. If these presented only the cold grey of granite, or the warmer yet monotonous tints of sandstone, they would be noteworthy; but it is upon the wondrous colouring of these huge rock-barriers that the eye delightedly dwells. The prevalent shade is yellow, and here we see at once the appropriateness and a probable origin of the name of both cañon, river, and district. The turns are so rapid that it is never possible to survey more than a mile or two of the cañon in one view, but wherever seen the picture it presents is the same. Great masses of lovely colour—pure white, cream, yellow, pink, light and dark brown, terracotta passing into deep blood red—cover in all directions these gorgeous walls. After a long study of them under a cloudy sky and in the bright sunlight, darkened by the evening shadows, and lit up by the brightness of the early sunny morning, no other comparison seemed so apt as the one that came unbidden—the conviction that we were looking upon one of the loveliest Norwegian sunsets suddenly turned to stone.

From this point we have to endure another wearisome coach ride of forty miles ere we reach the great centre of geyser activity. Here it is not so much the lovely and the picturesque which fascinates, as the spectacle of incalculable natural forces in active operation. In the regions known as the Upper and Lower Geyser Basins, and the grimly but appropriately named "Hell's Half-Acre," the most imposing manifestations are seen. Some of the geysers are "minute-men"—that is, a column ten or twelve feet high of boiling water and steam is cast up every minute; some of the large geysers, sending up enormous streams of hot water, like Old Faithful, act with clock-like regularity; some, like the Grotto, Lone Star, Giant, etc., exhibit their powers only at very irregular intervals. One curious fact connected with these displays is that, side by side with geysers that act with the utmost regularity, others are found of which no forecast can be made. Among the many we saw, none better deserves its name than the "Splendid." It was due about 3 p.m. one afternoon while we were near it, and at that hour we waited for it to appear. Standing by the brink of the crater, nothing could be seen but an irregularly shaped hole in the rock, full of water, which now and then bubbled up a little. Sometimes these craters exhibit colours in the water and forms on the sides of a very rare loveliness. In this case it was not so. After waiting a quarter of an hour suddenly a column of water shot up fifteen or twenty feet into the air, and then, with a great rush and hissing, column after column of steam and water rushed up perpendicularly until a cone from eighty to one hundred and twenty feet high was formed. This continued to play for about ten minutes. At irregular intervals jets shot up fifteen or twenty feet above the central cone, falling back in beautiful spray upon the main mass. Seen under a brilliant sun, and amid all the novel surroundings, such a spectacle is impressed upon the memory for life.

The main drawbacks to a visitor's pleasure and profit amid all these marvels is the hotel and transit accommodation. These are little short of scandalous. Wherever we go are placards conspicuously proclaiming the fact that the Park is under the care of the Secretary of the Interior, a great United States Cabinet Minister. The miserable dweller under an effete monarchy is frequently invited to admire the wisdom and liberality of the Government which reserves such districts for public use. He would do so much more readily, if a Government, so wealthy that it hardly knows how to find use for its superfluous millions, would replace the wooden shanties that now do duty for hotels by buildings in which privacy and decency could be observed, and by the construction of a railway through the Park. At present the right to provide for the public is let to speculators, who naturally sink as little capital as possible in buildings. The consequence is, that out of the five places at which the traveller must stay if he wishes to "do" the Park, only two have hotels in any sense worthy of the name. Moreover, the proprietors find it more profitable to cater for the bands of "Raymond tourists"—"the personally conducted" Cook companies of the West—than for the ordinary traveller, American or European. Hence, if the visitor finds at Livingstone that one of these hordes—they usually number about one hundred and fifty, but for the exploration of the Park are split up into sections of sixty—has just entered the Park, he had better look out for hard times in the way of bed and board; and on his return he will probably agree with the sentiments expressed to us by an American citizen, who said, at the close of a trip we had made at a time when the Park was in the hands of Mr. Raymond's agents: "Sir, I am ashamed of my Government while it tolerates in any district under its control the state of things from which we have suffered."

RICHARD LOVETT.

VERDI AT HOME.

IN a wing of the great Doria Palace at Genoa dwells—during the winter months—the veteran composer who not long ago gave proof of his unimpaired powers in *Otello*. Time was when the Palazzo Doria stood even a little remote from the town, beyond the palaces of the Via Balbi, almost in its own *villeggiatura*: from the back its tall windows looked upon unkempt vineyards, to the fountain where the sea-god, or Satyr, or whatever he was, poured water upon the unoffending heads of Cupids; and from the front they opened upon stilly ordered gardens, thick with orange-trees and pomegranates, beyond which splendid marble terraces stood over the sea. A great deal of that is changed now; beyond the streets of old palaces there is a sunny open square, wherein tidily, dusty, modern borders are arranged around the statue of Christopher Columbus, and the big, bright, busy railway station lies between that and the Villa Doria. A road full of omnibuses and noisy traffic cuts it off from the Satyr and the Cupids, but in the front the stiff and luxuriant gardens are there still, and the white terraces over the sea. Standing there at eventide, the old man may see the tall masts of the ships in the harbour, with the white houses of the town rising in tiers above them, the dome of the Church of Carignano upon the ramparts in the distance where he used once to dwell, and the Circonvallazione, or new drive round the hills, encircling it all; while to his right, behind the tall lighthouse upon the point, the rosiness of the sunset lies upon the distant snow of the Maritime Alps. Yes, though the busy hum of the port is almost at his feet, and the noise comes to him from the suburbs that lie behind and stretch far beyond the once secluded villa, Verdi has a bit of old Genoa still—a thorough change, too, from his other home, Sant' Agata, the trim villa he has built for himself near Busseto and not far from his birthplace in the little village of Roncole. There the landscape is the flat monotony of those poplar-planted plains watered by the Po, that surround the traveller on the journey from Bologna to Piacenza, fertile enough, but spoilt for picturesqueness by the precision of the cultivation. Verdi prefers Sant' Agata, preserving, as is natural, a simple and strong affection for the recollections of his rustic childhood; but he has one great passion which cannot be satisfied upon the plains, and that is his love of the sea. When he is at Genoa, he spends most of his time on that marble terrace, or wandering round beyond the Carignano along those tall ramparts whose feet stand in the waves. Let us follow him in one of his morning—one of his very early morning—rounds. Verdi is an exceptionally early riser for a man of his years, and leads a most methodical and very quiet life. At eight o'clock, or very soon afterwards, he may be seen issuing from one of those narrowest of old Genoese streets, where the sky is but a tiny strip of blue ribbon very far overhead, and crossing the Piazza Carlo Felice to the opera-house. Perhaps he has business there; perhaps he only wants to purchase his usual half a dozen papers from the pretty little news-vendor in the portico; then perhaps for a moment into the grand Galleria Vittorio Emanuele, new within recent years, or into the Caffè Roma in the broad street of that name that swept away so many dear old *vicoli* and dirty doorways, and ends in the fine Piazza Mazzini, where lovers of old Genoa remember the lofty arches beneath the public gardens, beneath which women and girls merrily banded and rinsed their linen at the public washing-tanks, while carts and carriages rumbled by overhead. Verdi loves the Acquasola, and often walks or drives there on his way to those ramparts above the sea; but he very often reaches it by way of the Post Office, and in that case, after leaving the opera house, he saunters down the Via Carlo Felice, with its black-eyed flower-girls sitting framed in their stiff violet-and-camelia posies in the porticoes—their shining black

tresses marvels of hair-dressing art—and emerges on to the Piazza delle Fontane Amorse, where towering old palaces overshadow the comparatively modern home of the mails. Here the brougham waits, and the composer either decides for the Acquasola—and in that case drives up the steep of the Salita Santa Caterina, where, from a narrow and lofty bridge once spanning the tortuous way, the remnants of the iron chain taken in war from the Pisans used to hang in our childhood in memory of the victory—or, choosing to return to the Palazzo Doria, bids his coachman turn down the Via Nuova, and passes many a goodly ancient palace—Serra, Durazzo, Brignole, Pallavicini—containing many a fine Vandyck and Dolce, ere he threads the old Piazza dell'Annunziata, with its richly ornate church, and enters the Via Balbi, that brings him to Christopher Columbus again and his own villa beyond. But sometimes Verdi is not in the mood for even this much of the haunts of civilised men, where he may be recognised and, yet more hateful to him, even stared at. Then there is no brougham, but, threading the maze of the *vicoli* on foot, as only a real student of those narrow streets can do, the master, with his hands in his pockets, and humming as he goes, emerges perhaps into the street—not so very much broader—where gold filigree is displayed openly; or into the piazza, where San Lorenzo lies toasting on his gridiron above the beautiful doorway of the black-and-white marble cathedral; or perchance even into that silent little square, where another black-and-white marble church seems almost forgotten among the richly-carved porticoes of many a deserted old palace. And Verdi does not only care for this somewhat sadly picturesque side of the beautiful old city. He likes life too—the life of the people, and sometimes of the roughest. There is a street in the thick of the old town called Via Pre'. It is crowded from morning till night with the roughest of the rough, male and female; sailors, costermongers, fishwives throng its narrow dimensions, merrily quarrelling, fraternising, arguing, and laughing at the top of their voices. Here—even here—has Verdi been seen contentedly doing his own marketing, bargaining for lettuces and onions in the true Italian spirit, yet kindly-hearted as he ever is—very rarely returning home without having done some little act of charity on the way. He packs away the carefully chosen vegetables in his red pocket-handkerchief, and once more, through the maze of those narrow streets, reaches the quiet of the Villa Doria. Perhaps it is dinner-time; perhaps the kindly wife who awaits him is also a thrifty housekeeper, and is waiting for the salad. Perhaps it is sunset: let us leave him with the afterglow lying upon the distant mountains behind his gentle old grey head.

ROBERT BROWNING'S FATHER.

MRS. ORR, in her *Life of Robert Browning*, quotes a letter from Mr. Frederick Locker to the poet, urging him to draw a slight sketch of his father, "so that hereafter it might be known what an interesting man he was." Mrs. Orr's delightful account of the old man does much towards carrying out Mr. Locker's suggestion, but perhaps her portrait may not inappropriately be supplemented by memories—necessarily a child's memories—of the poet's father. I remember no time of my childhood spent in Paris—that was not brightened by intercourse with "old Mr. Browning," as we were wont to call him. He was distinctively "our" friend by that I mean my sisters' and my friend—when we were very small folk indeed. To have contested our right of proprietorship in one who so distinctly showed his preference for our society to that of our elders would have surprised us as an intrusion upon our recognised rights. I can see him still, and a

faded photograph recall—yet more vividly the lineaments of one whom I will ever count as my first dear friend. I read with some surprise the report that he was particularly dark-skinned. He was a ruddy-complexioned, high-nosed, bright grey-eyed man. His lips were finely set and somewhat thin; his hair—to the last—was thick, iron-grey, straight, and somewhat long, forming an effective setting to his animated and candid countenance. In his photograph he stands very upright, clasping an old volume against his chest.

No one was ever less like Dominic Sampson than was our dear bookworm. He had the cunning art of shaking the dust from the past and making the bygone centuries and bygone people all alive and most pleasant to hear about. He was immensely learned: an eminent Frenchman called him one day, in our hearing, "*un poils de science*," but the awe we felt for his erudition was forgotten in the equality of our chumship with him. We profited remorselessly by his lore, and we were cognisant that our proficiency in lessons was greatly enhanced by his liberal comradeship. His pencil and water-colours were completely at our service. The manner in which he would draw genealogical trees was a wonder to behold. The descent of emperors, kings, princes, and warriors, their marriages with high-born dames, recorded on sturdy branches, among which their names hung suspended in globes of varied colours, like fruit in the garden of the Hesperides, imparted a freshness and a picturesqueness to these dreary topics. The imaginary portraits of heroes and heroines of history were drawn by him for us with extraordinary spirit. His familiarity with what was going on in the Dark Ages invested those times with a delightful quaintness to our infant minds. His famous son and distinguished persons would, we know, often consult him upon mediæval history, to which he would reply by furnishing bookfuls of notes concerning the point that needed elucidation. For the children, however, the imagination of the old man, playing upon that fund of knowledge, transfused it into a mixture of grotesque, terrible, and romantic adventures, more fascinating than those found in story-books. The exploits of Childe Roland fighting with Durandel, his famous sword, the legends about Barbarossa, were never related to children as they were to us by our simple and learned comrade. I wish I could remember some of the grotesque rhymes which transformed the multiplication table and dates into a game by that genial magician.

Much of our intercourse with our friend had nothing, however, to do with lessons. Looking back upon that time, and judging it with the riper experience of years, I can feel the truth of Mrs. Orr's assertion that what was genius in the son was talent in the father. It seems to me, however, that there was something more than talent in the unconsciously strong personality of Mr. Browning, senior. As his son was, so he was interested in mysterious crimes and in human nature swayed by passion. He would draw the plan of the house or of the site where a crime was committed. I think it was about the time of the Froude murder case, when I remember this gentle lover of children making out a careful diagram of the house and garden of the Kent family. He had his theory as to the mode of entry and of escape from the premises of the supposed murderer. A detective set on the track could not have been more excited and absorbed in the case. Mystery, crime, strong and strange types of character in all ages, exercised over him an irresistible fascination. I remember that Mary, the maker and unmaker of Popes in the tenth century, appealed forcibly to his imagination. His mind was set upon finding out all that he could about this perplexing woman. He recollects very well bearing upon her time in the Bibliothèque Impériale (now the Nationale): he haunted the second-hand book-stalls on the Paris quai, and the raggedest volume that contained an allusion or threw some

light on the epoch of Marosia became precious. He communicated his interest to me, and this enchantress who cast her spells over the hearts and consciences of men haunted my childhood's dreams. I remember a pile of paper covered with notes in Mr. Browning's firm, large writing. This was the History of Marosia. It was recorded on the reverse side of lithograph letterpress. My father received the circular correspondence from the Havas Agency, much patronised by journalists in those days, when the use of the telegraph was not so extended as it is now. At Mr. Browning's request the thin blue sheets of foreign paper were handed over to him when they had served their purpose at home. Mrs. Orr has noted his economy of stationery. I have mentioned his artistic powers. He was not a cultivated artist, but he had an extraordinary facility for noting down expression and catching the line of attitudes. One of his favourite amusements was to invent an episode—always an incident surrounded by a suspicion of mystery—and recording all that the various characters of the place said on the subject. These imaginary conversations were illustrated with the portraits of the characters who took part in the discussion. The boots of the inn, the lawyer, the doctor, the publican, expressed their opinions upon the murder, the burglary, the strange will, just brought to light. We have numbers of those drawings and conversations. He was wont also to sketch groups of workmen drinking and conversing together. I can see him still, sketch-book in hand, quickly jotting down the attitudes of the rustics. Beauty or grace did not attract him. What appealed to him was the quaint, the strong, the animated. These were the qualities that endeared Hogarth and Wilkie to him. He was always something of the antiquarian. An indefatigable walker, he delighted in country rambles, but he cared only to sketch old trees that looked as if they had a history, uncanny-looking rocks and hills. I have tried to give an idea of our old friend, of his great learning, his simplicity, his hobbies; it would be impossible to give a notion of his unselfishness, his detachment from the aims and interests that sway the vulgar. He was the most unworldly of men, the least exacting, the most dependent. His simplicity might provoke a smile in those who knew him superficially only. So absorbed was he in his own fancies and broodings that he was entirely forgetful of time and place. He eschewed money matters; he would seldom take more than a few pence when he went out. At those incomparable book-stalls on the quais the modest sum would be soon exhausted. But frequently some precious tattered volume tempted him. He never could speak French, although he knew its literature. Setting down the book, he would start off in search of his daughter; he might have to walk a distance to find her. Pausing just long enough to pant forth a request for the trilling sum, and ignoring her exhortations to rest, he would tear back towards the quay in search of the coveted volume.

The proud old father was never weary of telling us anecdotes of his son's childhood. What the child Robert had done and said on certain memorable occasions had a great influence on our youthful minds. I remember once I had been ordered to take some physic against which my soul rebelled. Mr. Browning, hearing of my unheroic attitude towards the nauseous draught, told me how once, when Robert was no higher than the table, he had been placed in a similar position. Far from shirking it, he asked the household to assemble. Taking the glass in one hand, he said

"Good people, all who want to see
A boy take physic, look at me."

and quaffed the draught.

I have before me a chart, drawn by Mr. Browning, of the land traversed by Christian as he went on his memorable pilgrimage. As I look at the cluster of roofs which represents the City of

Destruction, at the muddy expanse of the Slough of Despond, and, following the road so carefully traced, pass the site of the awful conflict with Apollyon, behold the grim towers of the castle of Giant Despair, and pause at the pleasant land of Beulah, I feel again the excitement with which I watched him drawing the route followed by Christian. I remember how to every step of the way seemed added a new enchantment and sense of reality. I look on the blue space representing the blessed shore on the other side of the river, and I like to think that my dear old friend is there. A. C.

THE CASE FOR SURREY.

THE double defeat of Surrey, by Somersetshire and her old enemy, Middlesex, has caused a serious disturbance in the breasts of that large and highly respectable order of beings who place the interests of cricket above those of politics, business, wife, home, and religion. It has immensely pleased a number of people who do not like Surrey on the principle that they dislike everything that succeeds, and a number of other people who think that the champion county has been unduly lavish of "side." To us, however, it seems a pity that Surrey should have been reft of the glory and glamour of her most brilliant season by two disasters due more to bad luck than to any real falling-off in her consistently fine and spirited form. Mr. Shuter has for the moment lost the knack of calling "heads" when it is "heads," and "tails" when it is "tails." The result in the Somersetshire match was, even under those circumstances, not entirely explainable: and the humiliating loss of the Middlesex game need not have been quite so crushing as it proved. The fact, however, remains, that nearly any eleven in England, of the first or even the second class, going in on Monday's wicket at Lord's, would have beaten Surrey encountering the mere remains—the *disjecta membra*—of a pitch on Tuesday, combining as it did the dulness of a wet wicket and the heartless treachery of a drying one. Still, there were bright features in Surrey's play—a gleam of glory in her falling star. Her fielding was faultless, and Lohmann's batting revealed him, not for the first or second time, as the great coming batsman, who, with a very little more patience and stolidity of nerve, may even rival the performances of Grace in his golden prime. For the moment, however, the palm among batsmen, amateur or professional, goes, in his present form, to Mr. Stoddart, whose grace, spirit, and accuracy of eye, make up a fine combination of solid and pictorial excellence. After him comes Bean, whom the whole cricketing world welcomes with a shout into the glorious but sadly depleted company of the sloggers.

The momentary break in Surrey's record has revived a kind of Aristophanic Frogs' Chorus at the expense of a county which has the triple demerit of being rich, active, and successful. Surrey, it is said, has no right to her position because she has obtained it by the engagement of professionals from other counties. We confess that, to our mind, the objection comes very many years too late, and that in any case it has little relevance to county cricket law. To begin with, it is not quite true that Surrey depends on her foreign importations. Some of her greatest players—we need only mention Lohmann—are Surrey men born and bred; though, on the other hand, it may be admitted that she has drained Notts of more than one promising recruit. But there, again, Georges Dandin would have it so. Notts lost Sharpe because she did not see his merit quick enough, because she thought he was disabled by the loss of his eye, and failed to give him the early chance that the ambitious young cricketer loves. But if Notts complains, she need only be reminded that she got her fast bowler, Shacklock, from Derbyshire; while Lancashire, which is second to Surrey in the list of counties, has imported a whole

batch of Yorkshiremen. The same story can be told of Yorkshire herself, of Sussex, and indeed of every first-class county. That Surrey often gets the pick of these exchanges is undoubted. The reason is, first, that she is a metropolitan county, and London attracts cricketers as well as the unemployed; secondly, no doubt that she is well off; and thirdly, that she possesses a most intelligent and enthusiastic captain and committee, bent on keeping the high standard of play and public spirit for which her cricket has been famous. There is no doubt a regrettable side to the cricket law which fixes a residential as against a birth qualification, and in so doing puts a certain premium on the well-to-do clubs. But no other test is possible, or, indeed, fitting. A player may leave his native county early in life, and the best part of his cricketing education may have been gone through in the place of his adoption. In this inevitable process Surrey, owing to the strength of her headquarters at the Oval, is bound to obtain an advantage, which, however, would be of little avail but for the steady backbone of native talent which she has never failed to command. As a matter of fact, she owes her success quite as much to the vigorous administration and sound discipline and captainship which some of her rivals conspicuously lack as to her policy of attracting promising recruits. Her course in this respect is open to other counties, and always will be as long as cricket is an amalgam of business and pleasure. The fact remains that she puts into the field eleven players unequalled for brilliancy, pluck, and all-round knowledge of the game, as well as for the capacity—far too rare in English cricket—to act together in the field. And she owes her pre-eminence not so much to a careful collection of promising recruits as to the fact that Mr. Slater happens to be a better captain than some others.

A RAMBLER IN LONDON.

XLIV.—SUNDAY IN BATTERSEA PARK.

THE sham lighthouse, the imitation Nelson, the mock combat, and the theatrical sailor, are attractions for week-days only. On Sunday I turned away from the Naval Exhibition and looked across the river to Battersea Park: in the north-east corner of the Park I saw grey stones, in the distance, rather like tombstones—and wondered what they were. I crossed the bridge, entered the Park, and got a nearer view of them. There were stately columns, arranged in rows, lying prone in the grass. They looked like an assorted, orderly ruin. They were part of the colonnade of old Burlington House, removed more than twenty years ago, when Battersea Park was very young and had only recently been laid out. It was intended that they should be used for the gateways of the Park; but so far nothing has been done with them, and the gateways of the Park are still far from being imposing. Near these recumbent columns was a recumbent tramp; he also looked rather like a ruin, but less stately: he was reading half a Sunday paper. Some distance away from him was another man, reading the other half of the same paper. His half was mostly advertisements, and he appeared discontented with it. I found subsequently that there was a good deal of reading done here on a fine, warm afternoon.

Battersea Park is less than half the size of Hyde Park, and contains less than a quarter as many silk hats. The social average is probably lower, and one consequently feels more at home there. With many, even in Battersea Park, dress is a consideration: the very brownest boots, the most heliotropical neckties, were to be found there, and these are not things that young men wear by accident. To others a picturesque negligence seemed more pleasing. Especially was this the case with the children who were paddling in a compromise between a puddle and a pond, not far

from the band-stand. A neat, clean little girl was watching this pastime through the railings. She looked good and demure. Another girl, rather bigger, looking bad, dirty, and amusing, came up to reprove her sarcastically.

"Ain't you better be goin' to Sunday-school, Meery? It's past three."

"I ain't to go till half-past. I met 'Er, and she told me so." I do not know who "Er" was, but the demure little girl spoke the word with a reverence that seems to require the capital letter.

"Oh, yer did, dijyer? That's a lie. Anywye, you be off. Go 'ome with yer, putty-fee!" Then, with a certain pride, "I don't go no to Sunday-school, and there ain't nobody whort could make me neither."

"I ain't goin' to speak to yer," said the demure Mary, with dignity, moving away.

"Wait till yer awst, ole putty-fee," the bad girl called after her. She followed with a remark selected, probably, from the repertory of her father, and returned triumphantly to the large puddle.

I passed on through the winding paths of the Sub-tropical Gardens. These are arranged and planted very effectively, and excited admiration without defying criticism. They had no illusions for the vindictive, important, middle-aged man in front of me. "Don't you tell me," he said to his patient wife. "Don't you tell me them stumps is real, stumps o' trees what really grew 'ere 'cos they ain't. They're what I call bogus stumps, stuck in for effect—that's all they is—and all they ever will be. D'y'ear me?" The patient woman made some suggestion in a low tone of voice. "You'd believe anything, you would," he retorted contemptuously. I left this rationalist, and went down to the shores of the lake. There were many boats, going gaily and spasmodically across its surface. One never realises to the full the badness of a bad felt hat until one sees it on the head of a young man with his coat off in a canoe. In the distance I could see Chinese lanterns hanging in a leafy bower by the water-edge. In this bower the first-class refreshments are supplied: here one got a certain amount of tone, but, of course, one had to pay for it: a cup of tea, for instance, was twopence. A few yards away, in the third-class refreshment room, you could get a cup of tea for very much less. The London County Council have fixed the tariff, just as they have fixed the price which you pay for a boat on the lake, the places where you may land it, and the direction in which you must row it. Their arrangements seemed in all cases to be admirable, and in the interests of the public. I heard, as I sat in this bower, a curious sound as of ducks with a cold attempting to quack in a foreign tongue. They were not, I found afterwards, only ducks: there were swans (which looked as if they would die before they would sing—such was their air of reserve); there were clumsy geese, Palestine geese, Chinese geese, grey geese. Some of these were being fed, and all seemed anxious to be fed. They could tell at a glance whether any man, woman, or child had anything to give them or not. They passed me by and looked with adoration at a small boy in a tight sailor suit, simply because he was carrying something in a paper bag. I hate such greediness.

"Buy a programme, an' 'sport the band," I could not refuse the appeal, although it cost one penny to purchase that programme. Nothing is allowed to be too expensive in Battersea Park. And there is no ostentation there. The band did not wear a uniform. They did not play music which might be above the heads of a great part of the audience. They were deliberately and successfully popular. It was pleasant to watch the languorous waltz, breathed passionately on a subdued cornet, gradually changing the look in the eyes of the listeners. Battersea Park is a park for the people, and used by the people: it is easy enough to understand its popularity. London wants more places of the same kind.

IN A SCOTCH SHOOTING-BOX.

I.—THE TWELFTH.

GLEN MURPHY, N.B.

SCARCELY had I gone to bed last night when I was awakened this morning with an announcement that we must all be up and off. It was barely daylight; I pulled up my blind and immediately was hit in the face by a drop of rain. The lower part of the blind was soaking, and water lay in blobs on the window-sill. A miserable morning for the twelfth, I thought, and peered down at the sportsmen who were already in the open. Rolls of mist were trailing along the hills, and the little church, which is but a hundred yards from here, was behind the screen. There was a commotion of barking dogs and tramping of feet. I opened my window to speak to Lord Kew, who was standing, very glum, in the rain, but no sooner was it open than I changed my mind and forced it close again, which took time, for these Highland windows are as mutinous as badly made drawers. While fighting with the window the tag of a conversation reached me, the speakers being a sturdy keeper and Kew, who has usually a bright face beneath his golden curls, but was at that moment sullenly shaking his fist at the sky. "No language is bad enough for you!" cried his irate lordship, who is not only a keen sportsman, but has a bet (in gloves) about the day's bag. "I would not say that," drawled the keeper, of whom I have as yet just seen enough to know that he is a cautious man. "No, I would not say that; but I have a friend who will be saying 'D—n' this day, and though I would not say it myself, I consider that he has provocation." A great many people on the moors to-day will agree with Lauchlan, which I heard later in the day is the keeper's name.

It is now two o'clock in the afternoon, and though I did not go out with the others to tramp the heather (indeed, if the truth must be told, I returned to bed), I have twice had to change my clothes. It cleared up before noon, and the mist lifted sufficiently to show me little puffs of mist that came from my friends' guns. The bang-bang which can be heard miles away is also enticing, and so I was fool enough to set off after the grouse. Nothing in this world is so wet as heather that is not perfectly dry, and it clung to my legs so that I was shivering from my knees downward before I had climbed a hundred feet. There was no one to see me, so I sat down on a boulder till the rain began again, when I could return to the inn with sufficient excuse. An hour afterwards I strolled along the glen road, which has turned sloppy in a night, and again I got a drenching. I ran back as fast as my elderly legs would carry me, and the sheep on both sides of the road ran also, until I suppose there were some hundreds of them rushing aimlessly merely because I had set the example. I have had enough of Glen Murphy for a day now, and the brightest sun will not tempt me away again from the verandah of the inn. For me the thirteenth is quite as good a day to begin shooting on as the twelfth, and I will give the others Rolands for their Olivers if they chaff me on their return. How "drouked" they will be, as it is expressed up here. On the whole, I hope Kew will not win his bet. That will humble him, and prevent his making objectionable remarks about "my bag." I came here to enjoy myself, not to beat other people's records.

Since I wrote the above (sitting in the verandah, with my feet up), a keeper has arrived from the hills with twenty brace. These are for sending to friends in the south, and must be despatched at once by messenger if they are to catch the train at Boat of Faggo, as the nearest station (ten miles) is called. The keeper was for a few minutes a centre of attraction, all the ladies rushing out to the verandah to meet him and hear his report. They are not, I think,

really interested, but pretend to be, to please the men. John (Highland keepers are by no means all Donalds and Duncans) has a tolerably favourable story to tell, and tells it slowly. Twenty brace in half a day for seven guns is bad, but we learn that the sportsmen have been in shelter great part of the time. Cheepers are common on the higher moors, but the lower moors are "better than last year." Lord Kew is reported to be "very keen," which means, I suppose, that the whole party would have returned home hours ago had his will not over-riden theirs.

The presents of grouse have been despatched by messenger, who is also commissioned to inquire whether there is a circulating library at Boat of Faggo. I sent two brace to Mrs. Anon, who has a high opinion of my prowess with the gun, and must not be undeceived. I see her showing them to neighbours as "part of my husband's bag on the twelfth," so that I am quite safe from ridicule from that quarter.

The arrival of these birds has lowered me in the opinion of the ladies. They do not actually say so, but I can read it in their treatment of me. In the early part of the day they were all on my side, praising my prudence in staying indoors and comparing it with the folly of the others in defying the weather. It was quite a pleasure to talk with them, they seemed so sensible. Now, however, it is all, "How dreadful if we had had nothing to send away on the twelfth!" and "I do hope our party has beaten Mr. Bourman's!" This implies that I have not been doing my duty, as if my duty was to take cold on the first day of the season. The ladies are now watching the moors through a field-glass, and they are at an upper window when they might be with me on the verandah. However, I have no desire for their company.

I have no doubt that Slateley would much rather be on the verandah than dragging himself through the heather, over which, according to John (who is talking nonsense) a fine cheerful breeze is now blowing. I hope Slateley will bring back a touch of rheumatism with him (just a touch, for he is a good fellow). It would teach him sense. This is Slateley's shooting, left to him by the Master of Something (poor as a mouse). The only remarkable thing about Slateley is that he is not a banker, for nearly all the moors in this county are let to bankers. Slateley I may describe vaguely as having a post under Government. There is no lodge, properly speaking, attached to his moors, but he has four-fifths of the one inn in the glen. We are much better off to my thinking than Slateley's friend Bourman (banker), who has the Dungen moors and is housed in an iron structure, which he calls Walden because the garden is usually under water. This iron house, which can be taken to pieces, has its modern advantages inside, but it looks cold, while the inn, surrounded by all the trees in the valley (there are scarcely twenty) is a picture of warmth. The signboard of the inn proclaims it the "Jubilee Hotel," but it is known to the natives as the "Double Dykes," because it is built on a farm so called, and to the "Double Dykes" we insist on having our letters addressed.

To describe our party one by one would be too great trouble, and, indeed, I could not attempt to describe the ladies, for I am not yet certain whether I like them. My description of their personal appearance chiefly depends on that, for when I say that I like a woman I mean that I think her handsome, and if I call her plain she must have treated me badly. So I defer judgment until I see in which direction my prejudices are to lean. As for the men, a sentence apiece is ample for them. Slateley I have already spoken of. The younger people (egged on by Bain) have a mild jest against him, which consists in calling him "Old Cucumber," because he has a theory about the growing of cucumbers and is eternally talking of it. Bain, you observe, is our comic man, and consequently a trouble. Of Lord Kew I know little as yet, except that he wants to win his bet for the sake of his reputation as a shot,

and to lose it that he may have the pleasure of presenting the gloves to the lady. He is unmarried. Then there is O'Byrne, a great Anti-Parnellite, who does not seem to be aware that to talk politics in Glen Murchy is a capital offence. These, with myself (the famous Mr. Anon), complete the party.

No more at present, for our sportsmen have just come in. Their bag (including what has been sent off) amounts to fifty-five brace grouse, some rabbits and snipe, and two blue hares. The birds wild and strong, they say. They will talk shop until dinner, and fall asleep as soon as the piano is opened. All eager to hear what has been done on the other moors, but we shall get no papers until to-morrow afternoon, when the post will bring them. The post from here leaves at six in the morning, which is to us the same thing as if he left at ten on the previous evening; for who could get up to write letters before six a.m.? No one, unless we have an "engaged" lady in the inn, and I sincerely trust we have not. Kew, I think, has lost his bet.

THE WEEK.

ONE day in the year 1887 [writes a correspondent], I was sitting with the late Mr. BRIGHT, when the conversation turned upon LOWELL'S poetry, which he had done more than any other Englishman to make known to the people of this country. For half an hour at a stretch he delighted me by repeating passages not only from the "Biglow Papers," but from the more serious poems of LOWELL. Then he told me how, staying at a country house where LOWELL was also a guest, he was one morning reading some of the American's poems to a party of ladies, when the poet himself came into the room. He drew near curiously, but when he heard his own words falling from the great orator's lips he was about modestly to withdraw. "Stay," said Mr. BRIGHT, "I want you to listen to this," and he read the well-known lines—

"Those taught by Fate to know Jehovah's plan,
That only manhood ever makes a man;
An' whose free latch-string never was drawn in
Against the poorest child of Adam's kin."

"That isn't true now," said Mr. BRIGHT, addressing LOWELL. "You have drawn the latch-string in against the Chinese, and you ought to be ashamed of yourselves."

A COMMEMORATIVE festival is to be held this year in honour of FERDINAND LASSALLE in Saxony. The date selected is September 2nd, on which the military and official world will be engaged in celebrating the anniversary of the battle of Sedan. It is curious that LASSALLE should be commemorated just when one of his pet schemes for effecting the reorganisation of Society—the establishment of co-operative producing societies with capital furnished by the State—has been dropped from the official programme of German Socialism.

JUDGING from the English translation, COUNT Tolstoy's new comedy, "The Fruits of Enlightenment" (WILLIAM HEINEMANN), is not very entertaining. The principal incident is a sham *séance* in which a supposed medium and a lady's-maid play a trick on an unsuspecting landed proprietor. With such material it is highly probable that Mr. PINERO, who has written an introduction to the volume, would have made a much more diverting piece. COUNT Tolstoy jokes with difficulty, but his keen observation gives substance to the peasants who figure in an interminable list of *dramatis personæ*.

It was in 1857 that the name of EMILY BRONTË was first written in France. M. EMILE MONTÉGUT

referred to the "*deux cadette*" of CHARLOTTE BRONTË, as the author of "Wuthering Heights," by which title also M. DE WYZEWA, in his new study of EMILY BRONTË, knows her strange novel. M. DE WYZEWA, although he evidently has a good speaking acquaintance with recent English literature, has not sufficient knowledge of the subject to justify his declaring "Wuthering Heights" to be the most eccentric production of English literature. As to his assertion that CHARLOTTE BRONTË, GEORGE ELIOT, and MRS. BROWNING are gradually being forgotten in England, while every day brings new garlands to the tomb of EMILY BRONTË, it is as foolish as it would be to say that SHAKESPEARE, JONSON, and MARLOWE are passing into oblivion, while CYRIL TOURNEUR is rapidly being acknowledged as the first of English dramatists.

IN justice to M. DE WYZEWA, however, it must be said that his study of EMILY BRONTË, so far as it is not comparative, is admirable. He has made the pilgrimage to Haworth, and carried away a memory of the "cold, sonorous wind" which blows unceasingly over Wuthering Heights; and he has talked with English women—with one English woman, at least—about the BRONTË novels. This "*jeune Anglaise*" told him that she preferred "Wuthering Heights," blushing, with a timid smile and lowered head, as if it were too bold an acknowledgment. But soon she took courage; she repeated "I will swear it—the whole novel; she described to me the character of Emily Brontë; she told me how her friends and she had promised each other to preserve always an exclusive cult of that noble memory." This is charming; but it is not upon enthusiastic speeches made by a wandering English damsel on the terrace of Brühl at Dresden, with the band playing waltz tunes, and a "tranquil *ordour*" arising in the evening air from the gardens, that a wise critic bases his opinion of the future of English literature.

PIERRE LOTI, in the preface to his "*Livre de la Pitié et de la Mort*" (CALMAN LÉVY) tells us that "his book is even more myself than all the others which I have written." It is therefore that he calls upon his enemies to oblige him by not reading it, because it contains nothing for them, and would simply weary them. PIERRE LOTI'S enemies, even although he is an Academician, must be few, we should imagine; and those that are would probably be converted into friends by reading his new work. The book justifies the strange title. It is death on every page—death which accompanies life, which precedes it, which dogs it, covers it with its shadow, and finally absorbs it without a struggle. And side by side with the death which divides, there is the pity, the sympathy, which unites the race.

WHEN LOTI was a child he possessed a bird which he loved dearly. Young as he was, he already thought of death, and prepared for his bird a little leaden coffin, scented with otto of rose; and in it he buried his favourite when it died. Now, at the age of forty, the man retains this idea of decking and embellishing death. The effect of his book is to leave us, not with ideas, but with suggestions, keen though vague, as of perfumes—"Queen-of-the-meadow, spilling her spikenard."

PROBABLY since BENTHAM no English writer has attempted to treat as a whole the chief considerations that enter into the rational discussion of political questions in modern states until to-day, when PROFESSOR SHAWICK presents us with his "*Elements of Politics*" (MACMILLAN). It is long since MR. SHAWICK was impressed with the need of

In sending copies of this paper to the East, the London and Foreign Post Office has been obliged to add a postage of 1d. per copy, and the London and Foreign Post Office has been obliged to add a postage of 1d. per copy, and the London and Foreign Post Office has been obliged to add a postage of 1d. per copy.

a book which would expound this subject within a convenient compass, and in as systematic a form as might be. The present work is the result of an attempt to satisfy this need.

In preparing a second edition of PROFESSOR WEISMANN'S "Essays" (MACMILLAN), the editors thought it best to adopt a two-volume form, and to reprint the contents of the first edition as Volume I. Only a very few verbal alterations and corrections were necessary, so that purchasers of the first edition can bring their knowledge of PROFESSOR WEISMANN'S views up to date by obtaining the second volume of the new edition, which will appear shortly.

THE general reader will be inclined to ask what "Phronocracy" means, the sub-title of MR. SLACK WORTHINGTON'S "Politics and Property" (PUTNAM). Well, it signifies, according to MR. WORTHINGTON, "the rule of reason, prudence, and understanding." We always imagined that these were the guiding stars of all parties, only my "reason, prudence, and understanding" are not yours. MR. WORTHINGTON would propose nothing that is "to the slightest extent visionary, impracticable, or revolutionary." The ardent Socialist would reply at once that nothing is practicable but revolution; and Whig and Tory would unite to tell MR. WORTHINGTON that it needed no ghost to make such proposals. We shall see what the critics have to say, or if they have anything to say about his book. His preface is certainly unwise: the affectation of superior wisdom is always repellent.

A POPULAR book on "Hypnotism" (ROUTLEDGE) translated from the French of DR. FOVEAU DE COURMELLEES by "Laura Ensor" should find a ready welcome.

MESSRS. WARD & DOWNNEY publish an attractive-looking volume on Southern Russia, entitled "A Summer in Kieff," by ISABEL MORRIS, illustrated by COCHRANE MORRIS; and they have at last issued MR. ARTHUR LYNCH'S "Modern Authors," a book we referred to some time ago as likely to attract considerable attention.

MR. ARNOLD-FORSTER'S "In a Conning Tower" has made a considerable hit. Two large editions have been entirely exhausted, and a third is now ready. It is being rendered into French for publication in *Le Yacht*.

FOLLOWING upon the Swedish edition—issued in Stockholm some weeks ago—there are to be Italian and German versions of MISS MARIE CORELLI'S novel "Wormwood; a Drama of Paris." In the former case it will appear as the *feuilleton* of a Florentine journal. A translation by ADEL BERGER is already running in the *Pester Lloyd*.

HITHERTO perhaps the most curious example of misapplied ingenuity in the annals of literature was HENRY LEMOINE'S rhymed version of BLAIR'S "Grave." America has given us a gigantic Roland for this mediocre Oliver in the shape of a metrical version of HUGO'S "Le Roi s'Amuse." MR. HARDING, an Englishman who went to America in 1872, gave up a portion of his leisure to this task. So far as we know, the book is not published; but the people of Chicago must have got wind of it, for they have invited MR. HARDING to edit their *Tribune*. MR. HARDING, it is understood, is going. Has he reflected on the great event about to happen in Chicago, and has he heard of ulterior motives?

WHAT constitutes an edition has hitherto been a conundrum, unanswerable by the public, and which

publishers and authors, for sufficient reasons, were somewhat chary of solving. Now MESSRS. MACMILLAN & Co., in their "Bibliographical Catalogue" of their own publications, supply a solution which, if it were generally accepted, would cause the word *reprint* to be used in many cases where *edition* now appears. According to MESSRS. MACMILLAN, an *edition* is "an impression from type set up afresh, either with or without alterations, and read for press by a proof-reader." They would describe an impression from standing type, or from stereotype, or electrotpe, as a "Reprint." The difficulty here is that "reprint" has an accepted use already in connection with the republication of old works. If the word "edition," unqualified, must be confined to the impression from a fresh setting of type, the employment of "stereotyped edition," which is already largely used, "electrotpe edition," or first, second, etc., thousand, would reserve the word "reprint" for its present application—really an important end, as we have already too many words which are used indifferently.

A WESTERN American writes: "When I was in England in 1883 I could buy *Public Opinion*, *The Athenæum*, or *The Academy*—three weeklies which I especially liked—at almost every news depot. But when I returned in 1888, I could only get them at the large stalls in London. Out near the Crystal Palace they were only to be had by especially ordering them. Said a dealer, 'We don't keep 'em any more. There's no demand for 'em, don't you know? I can horder 'em for you, but you must pay for 'em in advance. Cawn't have 'em left on our hands, sir.'" This is taken as a proof of the decadence of literary taste in Britain. If one were as hard up for an argument as that, it would be easy to assert that when literary taste is fully developed it prefers the books themselves to periodical criticism of them. But, as a matter of fact, the circulation of the papers referred to steadily increases; and the whole story has a got-up look. If the American chose to ask for the *Athenæum* in a sweetstuff shop where tobacco and newspapers were sold, he might expect a Cockney answer.

DAPHNIS.

*Has alios cæcis niki perfolis ille cognovit,
Pignora cæca suis: quæ nunc ego l'ce in ipso,
Terre, tibi munda; debent hæc popule Daphnis—
Ducit ab urbe domum, mea carmina, ducit Daphnis.*

I KNEW the superstition lingered along the countryside; and I was sworn to find it. But, like a shy and rare flower, it eluded search. The labourers and their wives smoothed all intelligence out of their faces as soon as I began to hint at it. But such is the way of them. They were my good friends, but had no mind to help me in this. Nobody, who has not lived long with them, can divine the number of small incommunicable mysteries and racial secrets chambered in their inner hearts and guarded by their hospitable faces. These alone the Celt withholds from the Saxon, and when he dies they are buried with him.

A chance word or two of my old nurse, by chance caught in some cranny of a child's memory and recovered after many days, told me that the charm was still practised by the woman-folk—or had been practised not long before her death. So I began to hunt for it, and, almost as soon, to believe the search hopeless. The new generation of girls, with their smart frocks, in fashion not more than six months behind London, their Board School notions, and their consuming ambition to "look like a lady"—were these likely to cherish a local custom as primitive as the long-stone circles on the tors above? But they were Cornish; and of that race it is unwise to judge rashly. For years I had

never a clug; and then, by Sheba farm, in a forsaken angle of the coast, surprised the secret.

Sheba farm stands high above Ruan sands, over which its windows flame at sunset. And I sat in the farm-kitchen drinking cider and eating potato-cake, while the farmer's wife, Mrs. Bolverson, obligingly attended to my coat, which had just been soaked by a thunder-shower. It was August, and already the sun beat out again, fierce and strong. The bright drops that gemmed the tamarisk-bushes above the wall of the town-place, were already fading under its heat; and I heard the voices of the harvesters up the lane, as they returned to the oat-field whence the storm had routed them. A bright parallelogram stretched from the window across the white kitchen-table, and reached the dim hollow of the open fire-place. Mrs. Bolverson drew the towel-horse, on which my coat was stretched, between it and the wood fire, which (as she held) the sunshine would put out.

"It's uncommonly kind of you, Mrs. Bolverson," said I, as she turned one sleeve of the coat towards the heat. "To be sure, if the women in these parts would speak out, some of them have done more than that for the men, with an old coat."

She dropped the sleeve, faced round and eyed me.

"What do you know of that?" she asked, slowly and as if her chest tightened over the words. She was a woman of fifty and more, of fine figure but a worn face. Her chief surviving beauty was a pile of light golden hair, still lustrous as a girl's. But her blue eyes—though now they narrowed on me suspiciously—must have looked out magnificently in their day.

"I fancy," said I, meeting them frankly enough, "that what you know and I don't, on that matter, would make a good deal."

She laughed harshly, almost savagely.

"You'd better ask Sarah Geake, across the coombe. She buried a man's clothes, one time, and—it might be worth your while to ask her what came o't."

If you can imagine the glimmer of moonlight running up the blade of a rapier, you may know the chill flame of spite and despite that flickered in her eyes, then, as she spoke.

"I take my oath," I whispered to myself, "I'll act on the invitation."

The woman stood straight upright, with her hands clasped behind her, before the deal table. She gazed, under lowered brows, straight out of window; and following that gaze, I saw, across the coombe, a mean mud hut, with a mud wall around it, that looked upon Sheba Farm with the obtrusive humility of a poor relation.

"Does she—does Sarah Geake—live down yonder?"

"What is that to you?" she enquired fiercely, and then was silent for a moment, and added, with another short laugh, "I reckon I'd like the question put to her; but I doubt you've got the pluck."

"You shall see," said I; and taking my coat off the towel-horse, I slipped it on.

She did not turn—did not even move her head, when I thanked her for the shelter and walked out of the house.

I could feel those steel-blue eyes working like gimlets into my back as I strode down the hill and passed the wooden plank that lay across the stream at its foot. A climb of less than a minute brought me to the green gate in the wall of Sarah Geake's garden patch; and here I took a look backwards and upwards at Sheba. The sun lay warm on its white walls, and the whole building shone against the burnt hill-side. It was too far away for me to spy Mrs. Bolverson's blue print gown within the kitchen window, but I knew that she stood there yet.

The sound of a foot-step made me turn. A woman was coming round the corner of the cottage, with a bundle of mint in her hand.

She looked at me, shook off a bee that had blundered against her apron, and looked at me again—a brown woman, lean and strongly made,

with jet-black eyes set deep and glistening in an ugly face.

"You want to know your way?" she asked.

"No. I came to see you, if your name is Sarah Geake."

"Sarah Ann Geake is my name. What 'st want?"

I took a sudden resolution to tell the exact truth. "Mrs. Geake, the fact is I am curious about an old charm that was practised in these parts, as I know, till recently. The charm is this: When a woman guesses her lover to be faithless to her, she buries a suit of his old clothes to fetch him back to her." Mrs. Bolverson, up at Sheba yonder.

The old woman had opened her mouth (as I know now) to curse me. But as Mrs. Bolverson's name escaped me, she turned her back and walked straight to her door and into the kitchen. Her manner told me that I was expected to follow.

But I was not prepared for the face she turned on me, in the shadow of the kitchen. It was grey as wood-ash, and the black eyes shrank into it, like hot specks of fire.

"She—she set you on to ask me that?" she asked, clutching me by the coat and hissing out the sibilants. "Come back from the door—don't let her see." Then she lifted up her fist, with the mint tightly clutched in it, and shook it at the warm patch of Sheba buildings across the valley.

"May God burn her bones, as he has smitten her body barren!"

"What do you know of this?" she cried, turning upon me again.

"I know nothing. That I have offered you some insult is clear; but—"

"Nay, you don't know—you don't know. No man would be such a hound. You don't know; but, by the Lord, you shall hear, here where you'm standin', an' shall judge betwix' me an' that pale 'ooman up yonder. Stand there an' lis' to me—"

"He was my lover more'n five-an'-thirty years ago. Who? That 'ooman's wedded man, Seth Bolverson. He warn't married"—this with a short laugh—"wife or less than wife, he found me to his mind. She—she that egged you come on an' flout me—was a pale-haired girl of seventeen or so, i' those times—a church-goin' mincin' strip of a girl—the sort you men-folk bow the knee to for saints, you fools! Her father owned Sheba Farm, an' she look'd across on my man, an' had envy on en, an' set her eyes to draw en. Oh, a saint she was! An' he, the poor shammiel, went. 'Twas a good girl, you understand, that wished for to marry an' reform en. She had money, too. I, I'd ha' poured out my blood for en; that's all I cud do. So he went."

"As the place shines this day, it shone then. Like a moth it drew en. Late o' summer evenin' its windoys shone when down below here 'twas chill i' the hill's shadow. An' late at night the candles burned up there as he courted her. Purity and cosiness, you understand, an' down here—he forgot about down here. Before he'd missed to speak to me for a month, I'd hear en whistlin' up the hill, so merry as a grig. Well he married her."

"They was married eight months, an' 'twas harvest time come round, an' I in his yield a-gleanin'. For I was suffered near to that extent, seein' that the cottage here had been my father's, an' was mine, an' out o't they cudn't turn me. One o' the hands, as they was pitchin' passes me an empty keg an' says 'Run you to the farm-place an' get it filled.' So with it I went to th' kitchen, and while I waited outside I sees his coat an' wesket 'pon a peg i' the passage. Well I knew the coat: an' a madness takin' me for all my loss, I unhitched it an' flung it behind the door, an', the keg bein' filled, picked it up agen and ran down home-along."

"No thought had I but to win Seth back. 'Twas the charm you spoke about: an' that same midnight I delved a hole by the dreshold an' berried the coat, whis-perin', 'Man, come back, come back to me.' As Ann Lesnewth had a-taught me, times afore."

"But she, the pale 'ooman, had a-seen me, dro' a chink o' the parlour-door, as I tuk the coat down. An' she knowed what I tuk it for. I've read it, times an' again in her wife's-eyes, an' to-day you yourself are witness that she knowed. If Seth knowed—"

She clenched and unclenched her fist, and went on rapidly.

"Early nex' mornin', an' a'most afore I was dressed, two constables came in by the gate, an' she behind mun, treadin' delicately, an' he at her back, wif' his chin dropped. They charged me wif' stealin' that coat—that coat I'd a-darned an' patched more'n wance."

"What happened?" I asked, as her voice sank and halted.

"What happened? She looked me i' the eyes, scornfully; an' her own were full o' knowledge. An' wif' her eyes she invited me to abase mysel', an' spake the truth an' win off jail. An' I that had stole nowt, looked back on her, an' said, 'It's true. I stole the coat. Now cart me off to jail; but handle me gently, for the sake o' my child unborn.' When I spoke that, an' saw her face, I went off wif' a glad heart."

She caught my hand and, taking me to the porch, pointed high above Sheba, to the yellow upland where the harvesters moved.

"Do you see him there? The tall man by the hedge—there where the slope dips. That's my son, Seth's son, the straightest man among all. Childless woman! Childless woman! Go back to her an' carry word o' the prayer I've spoken upon her childlessness."

And "Childless woman!" "Childless woman!" she called, twice again, shaking her fist at the windows of Sheba Farmhouse, that blazed back angrily as they caught the westerling sun.

Q.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

THE FRENCH MANŒUVRES.

SIR, Your paragraph as to the French Manœuvres is not, I think, quite correct, though more full than anything which has appeared elsewhere. The corps against corps manœuvres are from 2nd to 4th September inclusive. The two corps against two corps from 5th to 10th. The army of the corps formed on the 10th will march and fight from 11th to 17th, which day, and not the 11th, is to be that of the review.—I am, Sir, yours obediently,

Doekett Eddy, Shepperton.

CHARLES W. DILKE.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

THE SPEAKER OFFICE,

Friday, August 21st, 1891.

TO write paragraphs well is a delicate and difficult art. I suspect that none but the men who write them well suspect how difficult and delicate it is. The men who write them ill have the strongest and strangest contempt for their profession. They begin a series of paragraphs by asserting that "nothing is sacred to the paragraph-mongers"; and make "mongers" convey as much despite as if they had written "mongrels." Then they go on to write a column of paragraphs, and in due course it is to be supposed refuse to cash the cheque they receive for it.

"Nothing is sacred to the paragraph-mongers. A dead man's eyes are hardly closed before they begin to appraise him and to retail stories about him." And why in the world should they not? His neighbours, kinsmen, and best friends do the same. There is a mighty deal of virtuous indignation abroad about the practice of "making copy" out of the recently dead. Is it seriously imagined by journalists, of all

people, that their fellows would really like to write about Queen Anne just now, but that, because of the editor's cheque-book, they do violence to their gentlemanly instincts and talk about Lowell? There is no more absolute way of proclaiming yourself an ass, or an amateur—I cannot decide which term is the stronger—than by speaking ill of your own profession. It is just tolerable in a young clergyman or barrister, and may convict the speaker of nothing worse than weak compliance with his parents' will. But all writers have written, to start with, in defiance of their fathers' wishes: and are what they are by reason of their own wisdom or folly.

Lowell being dead, everyone wishes either to talk or to hear about him. The *Pall Mall Budget* and the *Illustrated London News* are justly proud of having supplied the public with his portrait last week, and rival editors are very properly ashamed of themselves. Men of less responsibility, remembering Solon's dictum, according to which they have now the first opportunity of pronouncing Lowell happy or unhappy, have taken down the "Biglow Papers" again from their shelves and re-read them—possibly with some shame, if they are old enough to have held any views during the War of Secession.

Happy or unhappy? There is not much doubt over the answer, if we run through his poems. He was a man who, born with a palate for tasting life, enjoyed it to the full. He started with high emotions and a gift of song; he saw much of men, and joined with men in a fierce struggle which gave him many prejudices. Nothing more satisfactory can befall a man than the acquisition of a few stont prejudices, unless it be the excuse to abandon them gracefully. This boon also was given to him. Then followed a wise, dignified, and serene old age—how serene and how wise can best be estimated on reading some of the poems in Vol. iv. of his collected works (Macmillan & Co.). Take the lines "To George William Curtis"—

"But life is sweet, though all that makes it sweet
Lessen like sound of friends' departing feet,
And Death is beautiful as feet of friend
Coming with welcome at our journey's end;
For me Fate gave, what'er she else denied,
A nature sloping to the southern side;
I thank her for it. . . ."

Or take again the lines addressed "To Holmes": on his seventy-fifth birthday

"One air gave both their lease of breath;
The same paths lured our boyish feet;
One earth will hold us safe in death
With dust of saints and scholars sweet."

This is the perfect call of friend to friend in the sunset.

He was a direct descendant of the first Pilgrim Fathers, the men "who left the Old World for the sake of principle, and who had made the wilderness into a New World patterned after an Idea"; and was a Puritan to the bone. Only his Puritanism was amplified by a generous heart and a culture which gave him a healthy sense of proportion. So that, while holding firmly to first principles, experience made him more and more tolerant and affectionate, and specially towards those whom history taught him to regard as his kin. But in his Puritanism we find the secret of his poetry.

It held him to the great truths which the ordinary, inarticulate man—if he be an honest Christian—feels in the depths of his heart. Practically it held him to one great truth, that cruelty is wicked and war is murder. He clothed this truth in the long cloak and couthurns, and he clothed it also in the home-spun of Hosea Biglow. And, just because it was a truth within the capacity of the simplest man to

grip—or rather, because the simplest man already possessed it, but could not give it the right utterance—the “Biglow Papers” stand just as high as the more stately verse in which he declaimed it. If we judge only by effects, they stand higher, of course. But the point to be observed is that, in thought, such verses as those “On the Capture of Fugitive Slaves near Washington”—

“The traitor to Humanity is the traitor most accursed,”

or the sonnets on Wordsworth’s “Sonnets in Defence of Capital Punishment,” or in the stanzas on Freedom—

“Is true Freedom but to break
Fetters for our own dear sake,
And, with leathern hearts, forget,
That we owe mankind a debt?”

and a thousand such lines that may be culled from his poems—in thought and intention all these are precisely the same as—

“Ez for war, I call it murder,—
There you have it plain an’ flat;
I don’t want to go no funder
Than my Testymont for that;
God hez said so plump an’ fairly,
It’s ez long ez it is broad,
An’ you’ve got to git up airly
Ef you want to take in God.”

“An’ I shouldn’t gretly wonder,” sang Mr. Biglow, “if there’s thousands o’ my mind.” It was just this. Lowell was no utterer of man’s subtle needs or thoughts. He lived through a crisis which stopped the demand for subtlety, and he came of a stock that had no taste for it. He spoke for the conscience of simple men, and he helped to kindle them to the biggest action which any nation has taken, for conscience’ sake, in this century.

Now let us pass from his Puritanism to his tolerance. He believed that the English-speaking race had, as the chief excuse for its existence in the world, the inherited obligation of putting down oppression and fighting slavery off the face of the earth. When he saw public opinion in England not only playing the traitor to this mission and ranging itself on the side of the South, but taking advantage of the North’s direst stress,

“To stump me to a fight, John,—
Your cousin, tu, John Ball!”

there was, indeed, plenty of excuse if his affection for England had turned to gall. It is certain enough that England’s name stank in American nostrils for long after: for, as Parson Wilbur put it, “there was nothing in all this to exasperate a philosopher, much to make him smile rather; but the earth’s surface is not chiefly inhabited by philosophers.” And there is little doubt that we are not yet forgiven, quite.

When Lowell first came among us, after that discreditable passage in our history—a passage much more discreditable than some others of which the history-books make a deal—he very excusably disliked us and our ways. But it is to be noted that, even at the time, he spoke more softly of the wrong than some of us have spoken on more or less trivial matters of international etiquette. Throughout his tone was one of deep but sane sorrow. And no sooner had he reached these shores than, with his natural kindness and the tolerance that is the best effect of culture, he began to correct his prejudices.

He was none the better loved by his own countrymen for melting towards us again. They are hard to appease; and there are men among us who are apt enough to speak the offensive word, instead of the conciliatory. But it may yet be that Lowell’s memory will be treasured gratefully by both nations, as that of the man who led them on the first step towards a new understanding and a reconciliation.

A. T. Q. C.

REVIEWS.

A MINOR MEDIEVAL CHRONICLER.

CHRONICLES OF THE REIGN OF STEPHEN, RENSIA H. AND RICHARD I.
Vol. IV. CHRONICLE OF ROBERT OF TORIGNI. Edited by
Richard Howlett, F.S.A. Todd Series.

THE appearance of Mr. Howlett’s “Robert of Torigni” draws attention to the fact that the editors of the useful series to which this volume belongs are now nearing the end of the task commenced more than thirty years ago. One after another they have printed the chief chronicles that carry on the history of our own country down to the opening years of the sixteenth century. To judge from the announcement at the conclusion of their latest issue, there are now only some twenty-five volumes to appear. Then students of mediæval English history will have a *corpus historicum* that may fairly vie with the great collections of Pertz for Germany and Dom Bouquet for France. Indeed, the outcome of our insular industry is in some respects more valuable than that of continental scholars. Our English editors have wisely abandoned the plan on which they first began to work: they have refused to follow Dom Bouquet’s precedent of cutting up vast and complete chronicles into little snippets, to be fitted, apart from their proper context, into an arbitrary chronological mosaic. Under this system we might have found Roger of Howden distributed over half a dozen folios—just as in Dom Bouquet we find the “Chroniques de St. Denis.” Such a system is absolutely fatal to serious study. To know the value of any historian he must be studied as a whole; and this cannot be done when his *membra disiecta* are scattered over so many volumes. Moreover, in point of convenience, the handy English octavos are far preferable to the unwieldy French and German folios.

Robert de Monte, whom in his original Latin form Mr. Howlett now introduces to the English reader for the first time, is not, properly speaking, an English chronicler. He does not draw his surname from the St. Michael’s Mount off the Cornish coast, but from the great abbey on the Norman side of the English Channel. This Mount St. Michael has a famous history. It may be regarded as an offshoot of the still more famous Italian monastery on Monte Gargano. From small beginnings it became to Northern France what St. James of Compostella was to Northern Spain.

To this great abbey Robert de Torigni was appointed in 1151. He drew his name from the little town of Torigni-sur-Vire. Like his fellow-historian, Guibert of Nogent, he seems to have been of noble birth. He was born, according to Mr. Howlett’s calculation, about the year 1110. He entered the monastery of Bee, already made illustrious by the names of Lanfranc and Anselm. Here he must have drawn up the earlier parts of his chronicle before his election to Mont St. Michel. As abbot of this great foundation he had the fullest opportunity for acquiring an exact knowledge of contemporary events. In 1158 he was entertaining two royal visitors in Louis VII. and Henry II.; three years later he was godfather to the latter king’s daughter, Eleanor. He seems to have died 21th June, 1186, and his chronicle stops short at Christmas, 1185.

Like so many other minor twelfth century chronicles, Robert de Torigni’s work is based upon that of Siebert of Gembloux, who, about the year 1100, compiled a chronological summary of universal history down to his own days. Mr. Howlett has spent considerable time and trouble in collecting Robert’s additions to this writer, and has printed them together at the beginning of his volume. With the year 1100 Robert regards his work as more or less original, though for the next half-century he borrows largely from Siebert’s continuator and Henry of Huntingdon.

Mr. Howlett’s industry has succeeded in discover

ing some twenty sources on which his author has drawn. From 1119 Robert is indebted to no one; from that time his chronicles may perhaps be regarded as the record of his own yearly *memorabilia*, jotted down with his own hand or at his order.

Robert of Torigni—useful as his work is to every twelfth century student—is not a very favourable specimen of his class. He has—but this need hardly be said—no conception of history in its larger sense as the gradual unfolding of a vast drama with perpetually shifting scenery and actors. To quote his own words, to him it is little more than a register of past portents—of the “famines, pestilences, and other scourges” with which God punished a guilty world. He has no conception of the comparative value of the facts of his own age. This, perhaps, is partly due to the secluded life he led. Monastic writers could not but lose much of their touch with the great world around them. In their ears the sound of all that passed outside their narrow walls were as the shadow world of Tennyson’s “Day-Dream,”

“Faint hints and echoes of the world
To spirits folded in the womb.”

Some chroniclers grasped the significance of their own age in part, if not in full, Lambert of Herzfeld and Leo the Deacon, for example. Others—historians worthy of the name—did more than recognise the true significance of their own age: they realised it in its relation to the past. Such an historian is Robert’s great contemporary, William of Tyre. But it need hardly be said that the Norman abbot shows no trace of the intellectual grasp and perfect form displayed in every page of the most artistic work of mediæval letters—the Archbishop of Tyre’s “*Historia de rebus transmarinis*.”

For English history, Robert’s work can only be regarded as of a very subsidiary interest. It is, perhaps, most useful for the years between 1154, where Henry of Huntingdon breaks off, and 1170, where the *Gesta Regis Henrici* begin. Here he distinctly helps to fill a gap, and his utility in this period was recognised both by Roger of Howden and Ralph de Diceto. After this, so far as insular English history is concerned, he is merely a supplemental authority. It is really pitiable to think of such wasted opportunities as his. He lived in a great age, an age of great men and great deeds: as the head of the most famous ecclesiastical foundation in Northern France, he was brought into intercourse with Kings, Bishops, and Popes. But of the great movements of his age he can scarcely find a word to say. During his lifetime, Pope and Emperor, Emperor and Republic, Saracen and Christian, were clashing in the world outside. The Latin Church was cloven more than once when Innocent and Anaclete, Alexander and Victor, strove for the tiara of St. Peter. But of all these events—on which the eyes of succeeding generations have been fixed with an interest sometimes hardly inferior to that displayed in contemporary history—Robert can tell us little. He lived through the years of the Becket controversy: yet from his pages a reader would hardly infer that there was such a quarrel going on. Nor is this an isolated instance of his reticence. Like many other mediæval writers—and these men of seeming honesty—he dares not commit to writing all he knows. Respect for the Church or fear of secular power closes his mouth to much that was a scandal for his contemporaries. Examples of this timidity may be found everywhere in twelfth century writers. Fulcher of Chartres dared not commit to writing the treacherous steps by which his patron Baldwin made himself ruler of Edina, nor the same prince’s later quarrel with the Patriarch of Jerusalem. William of Malmesbury could go further yet, and explain the notorious profligacy of Henry I as being prompted solely “*gignende proles amore*.”

A mediæval writer could wash eloquent over the good deeds of a contemporary sovereign; but if this sovereign was his neighbour or his overlord, he

thought twice before recording a royal crime or folly. And thus, thanks to constitutional timidity, Robert of Torigni proved false to his opportunity, and gives us grains of gold where we might have looked for nuggets. Mr. Howlett deserves great praise for the pains he has taken to trace the sources whence his author borrowed. He also gives a good account of the MSS. consulted. But, for all this, his preface is not what it might be. It is not always quite clear. For example, there is no plain statement as to what MS. is used as the basis of the text. There is not even an attempt to fix the year in which Robert drew up his work in its earliest form; nor to estimate the chances of his notes being contemporary with the events recorded, or some years later. Again, among the sources from which Robert borrowed, we have David of Bangor’s “*De Regno Scotorum*,” together with a promise of further elucidation. This promise is clean forgotten, nor does David’s name appear in the index. Mr. Howlett also seems a little weak in chronological matters. He can only adduce a borrowed note from Mr. Lisle to show that Louis VII. did not return to France in August, 1149. He seems doubtful of the year of Philip of Flanders’ first journey to Jerusalem—evidently unaware that it is possible to fix the very day of his starting and the month of his arrival. More extraordinary still, though he makes a point of correcting false dates whenever he can, he leaves that of Philip I.’s death unaltered. On the whole, however, his work is careful and scholarly. Dare we venture to hope that, now he has finished “Robert de Monte,” he will turn his attention to an earlier chronicler yet, and give English scholars that which, to their disgrace, they have not yet achieved—an English edition of “*Ordericus Vitalis*”?

MEMORIALS OF DE QUINCEY.

DE QUINCEY MEMORIALS: being letters and other records, here first published. With introduction, notes, and narrative by Alexander H. Japp, LL.D. 2 vols. London: William Heinemann.

WE are grateful for this book, which nevertheless exemplifies the inexpediency of making two bites of a cherry. It consists of materials which should have been at Dr. Japp’s disposal when he wrote his excellent *Life of De Quincey*. The biography would have been richer, and much of the supplement would have been spared. At present Dr. Japp’s work must be felt to be incomplete without this appendix, which will not be accessible to all his readers, while the appendix cannot be read profitably without access to or acquaintance with its predecessor. We hope that in his next edition the two works will be amalgamated, in which case the greater part of these “*Memorials*” must disappear or swamp the original book. Retrenchment will be the easier as the principal object of publication will have been fully attained: this is, to vindicate De Quincey’s character for veracity by showing that his relations with his family were precisely as he had depicted them. We deem it impossible that controversy on this point should continue. It is not surprising that doubt should have been started as to the absolute truthfulness of an habitual opium-eater, whose hallucinations took such objective shapes as that of his famous Malay: but everyone must now admit that although De Quincey might very easily have confused fancy with reality when he spoke of his family affairs, as a matter of fact he did not.

Next to her illustrious son, the interest of these memorials centres in Mrs. De Quincey. We learn, in fact, little that is positively new about her, for the accuracy of De Quincey’s delineation is established in every respect. But she becomes much more of a living reality to us, for De Quincey himself could not depict her with the vividness of her own self-portraiture. Hers is a sad but not an uncommon history. A religious and eminently practical woman, left a young widow with a young family, and deeply sensible of her responsibilities, she resolved not to

fall into the general error of mothers in similar situations of ruining the children by excessive fondness and indulgence. She therefore fell into the reverse mistake—she acted with unreasonable strictness, sided on all occasions with the children's unamiable guardian, took no pains to understand their characters or enter into their feelings, thwarted and worried them for their own good, and set down any symptom of opposition to the instigation of the devil. Conscious of the sincerity of her parental affection, she could not understand that this could not be recognised by intuition, and could hardly be admitted when it seemed flatly contradicted by every letter she wrote. Considered as admonitions and expostulations, indeed, the letters were often excellent. Nothing can be neater, for instance, than her way of putting the extinguisher on De Quincey's wild schemes:—"I cannot think you believe a total revolt from our rule will make you in any sense great if you have not the constituents of greatness in you, or that waiting the common course of time and expediency will at all hinder the maturity of your powers if you have them." Pity that this unanswerable logic was not accompanied by some of the endearments which all mothers, except this very superior mother, have at command. De Quincey had an affectionate heart; his mother, he never could or would have denied, acted on many occasions handsomely, and even generously, towards him; yet he could never love her, and the estrangement went through the family. The daughters were dutiful, but their letters savoured of constraint; the two younger brothers were openly rebellious. Richard, indeed, ran away to sea, and upon his return, after extraordinary hardships, refused to meet any of his family for fear of being consigned to his detested guardian. It is characteristic of Mrs. De Quincey that, reversing the behaviour of Lady Tichborne, she stoutly pronounced that her own son was an impostor, and, when ultimately dislodged from her scepticism, always insisted that it had been perfectly reasonable.

De Quincey was certainly a youth to perplex a parent, judicious or injudicious. Exempt from every vice and all tincture of insobriety until he formed the opium habit, abstemious as an anchorite, and disinterested as an angel, an intense student and thinker, enthusiastically devoted to the most refined ideals, he could not keep a penny in his pocket, and laboured under an utter incapacity of doing any good for himself or others until he had ruined his health, wasted his money, and enumbered himself with a helpless wife and children whom very shame obliged him to support. Then, and not till then, he began to work. Provincial journalism kept him going for a time, and then, by an extraordinary chance, the opium fiend that had so nearly destroyed him set him upon an exceedingly high seat in the contemporary world of letters. After the publication of his "Opium Eater," he might write what he would, and he escaped all the weary struggle of the intellectually refined man of letters with no literary credentials and no subject on which the world cares to hear him. He would almost certainly have succumbed, and it is hardly less clear that poverty and opium between them saved him from intellectual wreck. The projects to which he would otherwise have devoted himself would have tasked the intellect of Coleridge and the energy of Shelley. He had hoped, he tells his mother, to accomplish a great revolution in the intellectual character of the world, to place education on a new footing throughout all civilised nations, to be the first founder of a true philosophy, and to re-establish mathematical study in England. Persistence in these visionary pursuits would have resulted in a library of well-filled commonplace-books, and the bad exchange of England's Opium Eater for George Eliot's Casaubon.

Many readers will be chiefly interested in the letters addressed to De Quincey, especially those from Dorothy Wordsworth. These will maintain the writer's character as one of the most cheerful,

animated, and graphic of correspondents. Several from Wordsworth concern the composition and correction of his letter on the Convention of Cintra, De Quincey having undertaken the latter duty. Daniel Stuart's correspondence shows that he did not acquit himself so entirely to Wordsworth's satisfaction as Wordsworth was pleased to tell him. The importance of this certainly remarkable production was not a little exaggerated in the domestic circle, and it took rather more trouble to get it through the press than it took Buonaparte to overrun the Peninsula. Other letters of the highest interest are those from Wordsworth to De Quincey upon receiving the first expression of the latter's youthful enthusiasm, so admirable, such perfect models of communication from teacher to disciple, that it is with deep pain that we have learned from other quarters of his ungenerous conduct in refusing to notice De Quincey's humbly born wife. We can only suggest *cherchez la femme*, and rejoice over a clear indication that she was not Dorothy.

MR. KIPLING'S NEW VOLUME.

LIFE'S HANDICAP, being Stories of Mine Own People. By Rudyard Kipling. London, Macmillan & Co., 1891.

THIS is a collection of short stories, for the most part Indian and military, which have appeared in the magazines and newspapers since Mr. Kipling came to England. The best of them, which we prefer to consider—for a certain number might well have been omitted—were written before "The Light that Failed," and should rather be considered by the side of such performances as "With the Main Guard," "The Drums of the Fore-and-Aft," "The Man who would be King." And eminent as were the stories just named, this volume contains at least four that may stand up beside them. "The Incarnation of Krishna Mulvaney," "The Courting of Dinah Shadd," and "On Greenhow Hill" are, to our mind, finer than anything in the "Plain Tales," with the possible exception of the narrative of Private Ortheris's madness; while "Without Benefit of Clergy" touches the heart more nearly than did the love-story of Trejago, and is more convincing than the opium-smoker's confession in "The Gate of the Hundred Sorrows." Moreover this book has one great merit of omission. The sub-title given to it is "Stories of Mine Own People;" but Mrs. Hanksbee and her set find no place in it. They were not only intolerably cheap and nasty in themselves; but induced a cheap and nasty style of language. Many small signs had convinced us that, in addition to the many small sins of Mrs. Hanksbee which Mr. Kipling pointed out to us, there was one which Mr. Kipling had not discovered—that she bound him down to the society-paraphrast's English which disfigured his first successful volume. Her fabled victims were of very much less consequence to us than her real slave. She is gone now; and it is pleasant to watch the progress of his emancipation and development under the honest care of Privates Mulvaney, Learoyd, and Ortheris.

The intention that seems to run through these tales—the big thought that appears to have lain at the back of his mind as Mr. Kipling wrote—may be summed up in the line with which he ended, some time ago, his swinging ballad, "The Galley-Slave":

"Gladly would I wander over the world, and find
The way to Me."

and the note of it is sounded in the fine *Envoi* on the last page of this volume, as in the motto beneath the title, "I met a hundred men on the road to Delhi and they were all my brothers." It is very far from us to mock at this. Rather, we believe that sense of man's brotherhood is the very finest gift that the literature of this century will leave to the world. In politics we have given it the lie again and again; for money our traders have conveniently forgotten it, time after time, and in every corner of the world,

But in literature, at any rate, we are not likely, after Dickens and Carlyle and Whitman have lived and written, to question the dignity of the homeliest worker and go gadding about after the superfine, at the bidding of a knot of critics. "It is enough," Mr. Kipling sings—

"It is enough that through Thy grave
I saw nought common on Thy earth."

But while Mr. Kipling's general proposition is mighty sublime, his minor premisses have the frequent misfortune to fall outside it. It must surely have struck him, before now, as a trifle odd that he, who believes all men to be brothers, should be the particular pet of those dear old-fashioned critics who are for ever calling, from their clubs, for the rigorous handling of subject races, or urging the capitalist to keep the confounded labourer down, or displaying in a dozen different ways the terrible rage of the sheep in the face of imaginary revolutions. Brutality is so very far from being strength that in nine cases out of ten it may be held a sure index of cowardice. It is because we believe Mr. Kipling is strong that we invite him to come out of that set, and to abandon the belief that "imperial" and "bloody" are synonymous epithets. He should know, for instance, that the men who cried out, after the Mutiny, for a slaughterous revenge, were the very men who had just been frightened out of their skins. It was the form their hysteria took. Now, on the whole it is very easy indeed to be brutal: and that is why, for instance, we can see little merit in such stories as "The Return of Imray, Bertran, and Bini," or "At the End of the Passage." There are one or two others, again, which are entirely out of place in a book that concludes with such verses as these—

"If there be good in that I wrought,
Thy hand compelled it, Master, Thine;
Where I have failed to meet Thy thought
I know, through Thee, the blame is mine.

"One instant's toil to Thee denied
Stands all Eternity's offence,
Of that I did with Thee to guide
To Thee, through Thee, best excellence.

* * * * *

"One stone the more swings to her place
In that dread temple of Thy worth. . . ."

These are very noble lines; but they do not follow, with any persuading sincerity, such a tale as "The Lang Men o' Larn't," which is simply a yarn of the sort—to quote Mr. Howells—"swapped between men after the ladies have left the table, and they are sinking deeper and deeper into their cups and growing dimmer and dimmer behind their cigars." The most strenuous artist will do bad work at times, and send it off to the magazine or paper whose editor clamours for copy. But that Mr. Kipling, who has carefully revised many of these tales, and who took the pains to write a new ending for "The Light that Failed," should allow such a piece of work as the "Lang Men o' Larn't" to be reprinted in a volume that ends with the lines we have quoted, is astonishing, to say the least.

But to the man who wrote "The Courting of Dinah Shadd" a very great deal may be forgiven. The pathos of it takes the reader by the throat and chokes his criticism. It is of Mulvaney—the Mulvaney who in the preceding tale has kept us shaking with his most delightful humour. He begins to make us laugh again: he has, indeed, just delivered himself of a riotous yarn about a performance of "Hamlet" in "Silver's Theatre in Dublin," when the chorus of an Irish song, chanted by a neighbouring camp fire, quickens the sleeping sorrow in his heart, and in a minute or two we are listening to a tale which is like the sobbing of a strong man. The truth of it is as marvellous as the simplicity. It is beautiful work; and hardly less beautiful is the story "On Greenhow Hill," where we are allowed to stand beside the sorrow of Jock Leary, the last of the Soldiers Three—for Ortheris's trouble, or a part of it, we learnt in the

"Plain Tales." Mr. Kipling has every right to call these three men "mine own people," for he has possessed himself of their very hearts. We have heard it said of him that he has little sympathy with any but the most primitive emotions, which may be true, for he has the advantage to be young. But woman's love and man's friendship, and man's love of fighting, though primitive emotions, may carry an artist to a distance that has hardly been measured yet. Nor will all the culture that ever came out of Oxford or Boston make of slight account the simple emotions of Ameera in "Without Benefit of Clergy."

We have said that Mr. Kipling is writing better. He still strains after the immediate effect and tries to ram a double charge into every sentence; and this attempt, if he persist in it, will probably wreck his next long story, as it undoubtedly wrecked "The Light that Failed." Every reader likes his emotions to be hit in the wind by his author. But continual hitting in the wind very soon begins to bore. Even in these short stories Mr. Kipling fails, often enough, to hold himself in hand and reserve his strength for a big blow at the right moment. He slogs from the first page to the last. But his sense of sound is undoubtedly growing. Let us take, for an instance, a few lines of the lamentation of Mulvaney, to which we referred just now:—

"An' whin I'm lot off in or'ly-room through some thrick of the tongue an' a ready answer an' the ould man's mercy, is it smilin' I feel whin I fall away an' go back to Dinah Shadd, thyrin' to carry ut all off as a joke? Not I! 'Tis hell to me, dumb hell through ut all: an' next time whin the fit comes, I will be as bad again. Good cause the reg'ment has to know me for the best soldier in ut. Better cause have I to know meself for the worst man. I'm only fit to tache the new drafts what I'll never learn meself: an' I am sure, as though I heard ut, that the minut wan as these pink-eyed recruits gets away from my 'Mind, ye now!' an' 'Listen to this, Jim, bhoys,' sure I am that the sargent houlds me up to him for a warnin'. So I tache, as they say at musketry instruction, by direct and ricochet fire. Lord be god to me, for I've stud some trouble!"

Mulvaney's intonation here is more perfect than it was in the "Plain Tales." And no doubt Mr. Kipling will soon be learning not only the value of word to word, but also that of paragraph to paragraph, and of this to that score of pages.

THE DREAM OF A NAVAL STRATEGIST.

THE LAST GREAT NAVAL WAR. An Historical Retrospect. By A. Nelson Seaforth. London: Cassell & Co.

NOWADAYS if a man feels that he has a "message" to deliver to his generation he projects himself in spirit into a retrospective future. Arrived there, he sees or frames a vision which takes note of the prevailing conditions and conveniently discloses the events which have introduced them. The record of the vision is then sent off to the printer's. That is how it is done. In Queen Anne's time, mankind would have been warned or chided in an Oriental apologue: in the days of Queen Victoria, the seer remains an Englishman, but dates his warnings from the ensuing century. The effective use that can be made of the more modern method has been illustrated by Mr. Bellamy's "Looking Backward," and by the "News from Nowhere" of a greater than he—Mr. William Morris. Clearly, the Socialists have no more right to all the retrospects from the future than, as Rowland Hill believed, the Devil has to all the good song tunes; and Mr. "Nelson Seaforth" deserves our gratitude for his powerful application of inverted prophecy to a different but hardly less important class of subjects.

The book professes to be a succinct history, composed forty years hence, of a great war in which this country was involved at a date not very remote from the present time, which the author gives as "the year 189—." It is almost needless to say that the war was a naval contest, and that it was waged with France. Alone and unfettered by allies, England can wage no great war except upon the sea; and on that element no single State except France can stand

up to her. If the book were a mere recital of the probable events of a maritime struggle, conveying in a pleasant style some useful hints to the officers and men of the service whose proceedings are described, it would still have its value. It is, however, a great deal more than this. It is a measured and even solemn statement of probabilities—probabilities which we should do well to keep before our eyes. It paints with a few sarcastic touches what are called the "National Conditions," the sarcasm being free from bitterness, and often brightened by real humour. The story of the "great war" fills most, but by no means all, of its pages. Room is left for an exposition of the true structure of the British Empire, of the basis on which its real power rests, and of the splendid future to which a determination to develop real sources of strength in accordance with true national requirements, would surely lead.

The author unites in his own person the characters of the practical man and of the student. He has gauged the littleness of contemporary politics; he sees the relative insignificance of the issues raised in a Parliament from which great names threaten to disappear, and which is sinking in the public estimation—an insignificance that often verges on the contemptible when contrasted with the importance of the wider questions of a really Imperial policy. He has evidently studied the results of the many recent inquiries, and has discovered where the strength of our defensive organisation lies, and where the weakness. Our military, and—what is much more uncommon—our naval history is familiar to him. Knowing from past experience that England can carry on a land war against a European enemy only by clinging to the skirts of a Continental ally—and that on the ocean she has by herself successfully confronted the maritime world in arms, and founded dependencies in every sea whilst so doing, he formulates a strategy based upon commonsense and on a perception of realities. This strategy, of course, is very different from that of the military faddists who have so long had the ear of the public.

When the imaginary war begins, our countrymen can hardly be brought to believe in it. It was not the sort of thing that ought to have happened to Englishmen! Providence had reserved this species of arbitrament for Frenchmen, Germans, and the like. It is true, we paid more than thirty millions a year as a security against it; but we showed our disbelief in its advent by ignoring all necessity for improving our defence organisation. "At the War Office, which was engrossed in the preparation of a new retirement scheme, the outbreak of war was regarded as extremely inopportune." The much-abused but hitherto triumphantly impregnable "system" utterly broke down; and this, notwithstanding that "the huge clerical staff was doubled, and nearly everybody promoted." Fortunately, a hopeful light shone in another quarter. "At the Admiralty, the organisation of which had been little changed since the old French wars, the peace administration passed without shock into one of war." Here is a piece of accurate modern history of which most men are ignorant. The War Office is a modern creation dating from a period subsequent to the Crimean struggle. It has had no real war experience, and is utterly and necessarily devoid of all war traditions. This fact explains much; and a knowledge of it may make us cease to wonder at the conduct of some recent minor campaigns, and help us to understand where the money goes. As the supposed war proceeds, the military strategists, whose reputation had been gained by the use of the pen and the printing press, were found to be completely at fault. The two Army Corps and a Cavalry Division, which were to have renewed the glories of Marlborough—believed in certain military circles to have been the commander of an English army—proved, as an organisation, invisible to the naked eye. The war was waged on the ocean, and our gallant and skilful antagonists took good care that it should not be by any means a

one-sided affair. We received many unpleasant knocks. Our ocean trade at first suffered severely, and some outlying dependencies were taken from us. Then the spirit of the nation was aroused. The inhabitants of the whole Empire claimed their right to share in its defence, a defence which necessarily took the form of a vigorous offensive. The *casus belli* was due to the action of Australians. By the law of chances, one of our many self-dependent, and perhaps self-asserting, Colonies is more likely to precipitate a conflict than the single Mother Country. In return, "the Colonial forces everywhere proved true comrades in the hour of battle." The various scenes of the war are skilfully drawn, and some of its episodes described with rare realistic power. The contest practically ends in a great naval action near Teneriffe, in which the French fleet is outnumbered and beaten, though not without inflicting serious loss upon our own. The British people rise to a true conception of their Imperial destiny; the petty issues of local politics in the United Kingdom, as in other parts of the Empire, sink to their proper level; the bonds uniting the scattered members of our race are drawn closer instead of being loosened or altogether severed; and "the greatest Federation which the world has ever known still stands firm, linked together by the 'inviolate sea.'" It will thus be seen that the book stands upon a far higher plane than the many accounts of imaginary hostilities which have hitherto amused and, it must be added, misled the public.

REVOLUTIONARY ANECDOTES.

ORATEURS ET THÉORÉS, 1789-1791. Par Victor du Bled. Paris: Calmann Lévy, 1891.

SOME of the liveliest books in the world are French, and some of the dullest. This one is nearer to the latter class, being a third sifting of commonplace-book notes chiefly about minor and now all but nameless revolutionary agitators. Worth running through, it is not worth keeping for handy reference; the compiler evincing on every other page great want of the critical instinct, with a readiness to collect mediocre and unoriginal matter, and to put it together in a sloppy fashion. Thus does the reader continue to experience a succession of small disappointments.

Still the paper on Stanislas de Girardin is not alone interesting but valuable. It was he that gave in his *Memoirs* the letter of Rousseau's Therese Levasseur, which she signed as "femine deu gangaque," which being interpreted is simply *femme de Jean Jacques*. This may well put the said John James's maunderings on her subject side by side with Arsene Houssaye's discovery (given in his *Confessions*) that Rousseau wrote his celebrated episode of throwing cherries at the girls in 1775 not from his own life but from a picture of Beaudoin's in the 1765 Salon. And then the poor creature laid the whole of the *Confessions* solemnly, as a Gospel, on the high altar of Notre Dame during the reign of Reason.

The section about the Girondins is also fairly good, but dispensively scrappy. The saying that "their poet, their politician, and their man of action were all women"—Mme. Louise Collet, Mme. Roland, and Charlotte Corday—is not hackneyed, and is true enough. And we commend to Mr. Austin Dobson the severe Mme. Roland extolling Louvet for his "pretty stories, in which the graces of imagination are allied to airiness of style, the tone of a philosopher, and the very salt of criticism."

The sort of *precis* which deals with Danton is also of some importance in its small way; and he cannot be called a minor hero, but a very "big bow-wow" indeed. A few of his many sayings here given are not commonly met with. "Revolutions are not made geometrically;" "In revolutions, authority falls to the greatest rascals;" which might be compared with the nobler Mirabeau's "With such a populace, were I called to the Ministry,

stab me to the heart; for in one twelvemonth you'd be all slaves!" Would he have made a better Buonaparte than the one we know? Some of the garrulity of Napoleon's mother, Madame Mere as they titled her, disinterred from Stanislas de Girardin's *Memoirs*, are natural enough: "You think me happy? Indeed I am not; although I *am* mother to four kings." And a maxim often thought to have been original with Napoleon III.: "Be calm; empire belongs to the phlegmatic," was said by Saint-Just to Robespierre.

"Can't we tear Robespierre's skin without drawing blood from Patriotism?" was another of Danton's pleasant sayings; which he rued too, although his head fell only some four months before that rival's, in that "reign of liberty, equality, fraternity—and the guillotine," as Chapelier's friend well said, when pure funk was holding down 25,000,000 of Frenchmen under the yoke of some 200,000 of Danton's "greatest rascals." "I wish the Bastille was rebuilt; and that I was inside of it!" was Chapelier's reply. That bad old Republic is not ill contrasted with the new in the two stories of "Give Couthon a glass—of blood; he's thirsty" (said by Vergniaud), and the modern joke about poor Jules Favre: "If you want to get him to the tribune, put a saucer of milk on it."

M. Victor du Bled has an unhappy knack of too often spoiling the point, as when he credits Barrère with moving and carrying in the National Convention a decree of "no quarter to any English or Hanoverian soldier." That was not the wording. In an original printed copy, obtained by the hand that writes this in the old Château de Valmont a quarter of a century since, this notorious decree, No. 2,366, was phrased in a gruesome jest: "Il ne sera fait aucun prisonnier Anglais ou Hanovrien;" and it was passed on the 26th of May, 1793, five days before the proscription of the Girondists by the Mountain.

Nor do we often boast of the "axiom of English liberty" in the version given by M. Victor du Bled: "The wind and the rain may enter the poor man's cabin; but the King may not."

PASTIMES OF SCOTLAND.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES OF SCOTLAND. By R. S. Fittis. Paisley: Alexander Gardner.

THIS capital compilation will be read with interest by all true Scotchmen throughout the world, and will be entertaining to the general reader who is taken up with sports. It sets forth a sort of history, somewhat after the model of Strutt's "Sports and Pastimes of the People of England," and is unique in this respect, giving evidence of a considerable amount of reading for many years. It appears from fairly good testimony that the elephant and the rhinoceros grazed on British soil, and the hippopotamus wandered on the banks of British rivers. Ancient tradition—supported by the authority of the "Orkneyinga Saga"—asserts that the Norwegians were wont to cross over to Scotland for the purpose of hunting the reindeer; and the horns and leg-bones of a reindeer were found at Loch Marlee, in Perthshire. The lion, leopard, hyæna, and bear, were hunted in the great Caledonian forest. In Scotland the brown bear seems to have lingered longer than in England. The ancient Celtic tribes of Scotland were much devoted to the chase, from which they derived a large portion of their subsistence. In the Perthshire vale of Glenshee there was once a famous boar hunt, which, because it proved fatal to the best-beloved of the Fingalian heroes, has been commemorated in song by one of Albin's olden bards. The wolf, too, provoked Scottish Parliaments of the fifteenth century to pass decrees for its extirpation: "Ilk Baron, within his barony, in gangand time of the year, shall chase and seek the whelps of the wolves, and gar slay them." In the reign of Mary Queen of Scots the wolf-plague

spread unexampled devastation; and the monks of Coupar-Angus Abbey ordered their tenants to "sustain and feed aine leash of hounds for tod (fox) and wolf." The last wolf shot was in 1743.

The hunting of the wild bull was a famous sport in the early ages. Queen Mary was present at a celebrated hunt in Stirling Park, on the day after the baptism of her son. The Caledonian forest was well stocked with them. There is a tradition that King Robert the Bruce gave the name of *Turnbull* to a man who saved his life when hunting the wild bull. The chase of the deer can never be robbed of its romance. Stalking, coursing, driving, and baiting, were the four modes of hunting. James VI. was exceedingly anxious to secure a famous white hind in the country of Breadalbane.

From the deer forests Mr. Fittis passes to the moors. The rents of these are high; and the author is much pleased to think that, with the increased facilities for the speedy conveyance of game to the southern markets, moor lessees may manage to reimburse themselves. But surely it is a degradation of sport to make it only pay! At what period the chase of the fox came in favour with Scottish sportsmen cannot be ascertained with any exactness. Originally it was looked on as a wild red-dog, and trapped as vermin; but in 1631 the Earl of Mar speaks of the hunting of the fox as his greatest sport. So destructive did it become that during Dr. Johnson's visit to the Hebrides the head of a fox was worth a guinea to the killer of the animal; and in Forfarshire poison was used in addition to the operations of the paid huntsman. It was no unusual thing to hear the beadle of a Strathmore church summon a dispersing congregation to attend at the hunting field, in these words—

"Ilka man and mither's son
Come hunt the tod on Tuesday."

There is an authentic case in the beginning of the century of a four days' hunt between one of the Duke of Gordon's hounds and a fox. The Renard was started at Badenoch, and a countryman caught the wearied fox at Dunkeld, the hound being fifty yards behind; accordingly, without making allowances for doubles and crosses, but as the crow flies, their run exceeded seventy miles.

The salmon, the king of fresh-water fish, gives famous sport to people in Scotland. The time was when salmon was more plentiful in Scotland than in any other region of the world. Farm servants used to complain about getting too much of this fish for their food. Mr. Fittis tells a good story of a farm servant who seriously objected to have salmon twice a day. He asked the mistress: "Are we no telt in the Scripture that we'll rise a' flesh?" "Deed are we, John," she answered. "Weel," rejoined John, "I dinna see hoo that can be in our case; I fear we'll rise a' fish." The historical salmon-spearing has entirely given place to the hook and net; but the otter is occasionally utilised in the capture.

The earliest notice of horse-racing occurs in 1501, when the Lord High Treasurer paid a boy for running the king's horse. A silver bell was for many years the prize at the racecourse; but in the beginning of the seventeenth century cups, bowls, or other pieces of plate were substituted. A memorable race was run in 1769. Two country gentlemen laid a wager which of them should ride soonest from Dumfries to Kirkcudbright, a distance of twenty-seven miles. One became ill on the road and yielded the race, giving a bill for the amount of the wager. Before the bill was due he died, and his heir refused payment. The winner took the case to the Court of Session, but the judge decided that, according to statute, all money won in wagers at horse-races above £5 belonged to the poor of the parish.

The author next takes us into the charming field of Archery. Though the Lowlanders never took kindly to the bow as a weapon of warfare, the clan warriors of the Highlands adopted it with spirit. The bow was used in a conflict between the clans of

Breadalbane and Glencoe, after the Restoration. Golf and other fascinating sports were condemned by Parliament, to encourage archery; and all men had to "busk them to be archers fra they be twelve year of age" under a penalty of a "wedder a man." Bow huts were set up beside every parish kirk in the country. Kilwinning is famous in the annals of archery. Every year in June the archers assembled for "Shooting at the Papingo"—a wooden painted parrot stuck on the end of a pole, placed 120 feet high on the bartisan of the kirk.

The popular game of football was denounced by James IV., yet it was played with spirit on the Sundays between sermons. Ministers would play with the people to entice them to attend church afterwards. Golf is sketched with care and appreciation as the best of games. President Forbes, of Culloiden, recorded in 1728: "This day, after a very hard pull, I got the better of my son at the golf on Musselburgh Links. If he was as good at any other thing as he is at that, there would be some hopes of him." In the beginning of the century the Musselburgh Golf Club offered a new creel and shawl to the best golfer among the fishwives. Many curious notes of this nature are chronicled by the author.

The cock-fighting of Faston's Een, the rustic sports of Lammas, the Highland games, the glorious winter game of curling, and minor sports, are successively described, with notes on the harp and bagpipes in the national songs and games. There is so much detail in the volume that an index would have been very serviceable for reference. But on the whole it is a most enjoyable book to take up for a few minutes at any time.

FICTION.

1. THE WITCH OF PRAGUE. By F. Marion Crawford. Three vols. London: Macmillan & Co. 1891.
2. DORRIE. By William Tirebuck. One vol. London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1891.

"HYPNOSIS," says Keyork, in the second volume of Mr. Crawford's new novel, "will explain anything and everything, without causing you a moment's anxiety for the future." Many a novelist during the last few years must have found comfort in repeating to himself some such words as these. But there are two kinds of hypnotic novel: in the one, hypnotism is exterior to the story, is used—frequently with absurdity—as an explanation of any of those wonders which are so easy to invent, and is merely an inartistic, mechanical conclusion-producer which—as the advertisements say—a mere child can work; in the other, it forms part of the subject of the story, is used by one who understands at least something of the powers and limits of hypnotism, and never serves merely as an explanation. In the former kind hypnotism is introduced to end the story: in the latter kind, to which Mr. Crawford's book belongs, the story is begun to introduce hypnotism. The former must be inartistic; the latter may be artistic. It must have occurred to many that the author of "Mr. Isaacs" and "Zoroaster" was likely to write the hypnotic story well; he has a fine imagination, creative and not merely exaggerative; he understands the atmosphere and tone of mysticism; he has a graphic and effective style; and he takes care to know far more than the average reader is likely to know of the subject upon which he is writing. In "The Witch of Prague" he has produced a novel that, in spite of its subject, may fairly be called extraordinary; it does not stand, by any means, beyond criticism, but it has remarkable merits.

Unorna, the witch, is a human figure, not an omnipotent monstrosity. Chance throws in her way a great traveller, called throughout this story the Wanderer. His wanderings have all been in search of the woman whom he loves, Beatrice. Unorna loves the Wanderer, and the Wanderer loves Beatrice only. That is the ground upon which the story is built. It contains many striking and dramatic

scenes. Its character are not taken from the stock of the average novelist. Keyork, the great worshipper of himself, is impressive, amusing, and at times repulsive. He explains himself humorously as follows:

"Philosophy? I am a misosophist! All wisdom is vanity, and I hate it! Autology is my study, autosophy my ambition, autonomy my pride. I am the great Panegoist, the would-be Conservator of Self, the inspired prophet of the universal I. I—I—I! My creed has but one word, and that word has but one letter, that letter represents Unity, and Unity is Strength. I am I, one, indivisible, central! O I! Hail and live for ever!"

The appreciation of the book must depend to even more than the usual extent upon the temperament of the reader. The point where the impressive and wonderful begin to merge in the monstrous and absurd cannot be settled by a canon of criticism. But in every temperament the point exists, and we fancy that many readers will find that in some of the pages of "The Witch of Prague," Mr. Crawford is demanding too much from them. There are certain slight inconsistencies, which will be visible to anyone who is not entirely carried away by the story; and it is a pity that an author who sometimes writes like a poet and sometimes like a man of the world, should also sometimes write like a melodramatist. The foot-notes, telling us that certain incidents in the story are founded on fact, are ill-advised: they break and destroy the conviction; if placed anywhere, they should be placed at the end of the book.

"Dorrie" is a story of no little originality; its conventionality, in consequence, wherever it becomes conventional is more noticeable. The hero is Nathan Brant, a blind man who earned a precarious living by reading the Bible from raised characters in public places in Liverpool. When his landlady died, he continued to lodge with her two daughters, Katharine and Dorrie. One of these, by the way, provides a little conventionality by turning out to be the daughter of someone else. Brant was young, and handsome, and pious. On one occasion he placed his hand on Katharine's wrist. Dorrie thereupon, being of a jealous disposition, pricked the back of his hand with a needle. The hand consequently got very bad, and Brant had to be taken to a hospital. Dorrie wished to accompany him, but she feared that a woman would not be admitted. She therefore disguised herself as a man in some of Nathan's clothes, without telling him what she had done. At the hospital it was decided that Nathan's hand would have to be amputated. Dorrie, although she had now confessed to the doctors that she was a woman, was allowed to witness the operation. She waited her opportunity, then secured the hand which had been cut off and put it in her pocket—the pocket of Nathan's trousers which she was wearing. Subsequently Katharine and Dorrie buried the amputated hand in the back-yard of their house by night. We have recorded all this to show that the author has just that kind of daring which is sometimes called audacity, and which seems to dwell most fondly on what is most repulsive. It is not necessary to trace the story of Dorrie's downfall and her ecstatic death. Mr. Tirebuck has chosen to deal with unpleasant subjects; he has done so with a rude force, and he has a certain power of invention. But unpleasant subjects can be dealt with satisfactorily only by the true artist, and the author is not that by any means. His style is rough and erratic; he sometimes gets exactly the right word, but more often only shows us that he wanted to get it. As a balance to certain parts of his story which might almost be called objectionable, he gives the reported sermon, the religious discussion, and the moral platitude. The author is in need chiefly of self-restraint and a more accurate taste; but we can at least say that "Dorrie" is not like the average novel.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.*

THAT energetic young traveller, Mr. Thomas Stevens, author of "Around the World on a Bicycle" and "Scouting for Stanley in East Africa," last summer rode "Through Russia on a Mustang." The journey was undertaken at the request of the proprietors of a New York newspaper, and Mr. Stevens was asked to gather information by the way concerning the manners and customs, the social life and actual condition, of the people of European Russia. It was thought that the best plan of getting into actual contact with the people, and of studying them and the way in which they are governed, would be to take a long horseback journey through the heart of the country. At Moscow Mr. Stevens bought from a travelling Yankee show of the Buffalo Bill description a powerful and swift American mustang, and on this animal he rode from Moscow to the shores of the Black Sea, a distance of about eleven hundred miles. He resolved to ignore the authorities entirely, for he knew that if he sought permission it would probably be refused, or, if granted, would be accompanied by irksome restrictions which would entirely prevent anything like free investigation. A young student who had just completed his education at the University of Moscow eagerly applied for permission to accompany the American stranger. He proved to be a good linguist and a typical Russian, and he is described in these pages as an "ever present mirror and reflection" of the national character. Saseha, in fact, was hot-tempered and impulsive, unreliable, romantic, and inconsistent. This youth spoke four languages, and could quote Shakespeare by the page. He meant to write a book himself; but eventually he abandoned that idea and the journey itself, though not, it is only fair to add, until almost the last stages of the way. It is impossible—at all events in this column—for us to describe even in outline the course pursued by Mr. Stevens in his unconventional wanderings, much less to indicate the kind of information which he picked up in farm-house, village, and wayside inn as he traversed the country. The road from Tula led through Yasnia Polyana, the ancestral estate of Count Leo Tolstoi, and an extremely graphic account is given of the great novelist's surroundings. Count Tolstoi received the travellers very graciously, and talked freely to them about his own literary work and his dreams of social enlightenment and reform. The author of "War and Peace" and "Anna Karenina," we need scarcely say, is not a typical Russian; indeed, Mr. Stevens asserts that the traits of character which were most conspicuous amongst the people that he met during his ride through the country were suspicion, superstition, and servility. He states that when he first reached St. Petersburg he was agreeably impressed by seeing the Czar driving freely about the streets of the capital with scarcely any escort. He found, however, before quitting Russia, that in order to "make this sort of thing possible the chief of police summarily expels from St. Petersburg no less than fifteen thousand persons every year, or an average of forty every day." There is no such thing as personal independence in Russia, for there is an utter absence of constitutional rights, and the whole country is at the mercy of petty despots, and all of them are as autocratic as the Czar himself.

An old Sussex batsman, Mr. W. A. Bettesworth, is responsible for an amusing *brochure*, in which with pen and pencil the "Royal Road to Cricket" is pointed out. Mr. Bettesworth uses his knowledge of the game to make game of various kinds of players, and some of his drawings hit off the humours of the field with droll fidelity. The sly fun which reveals itself in some of these graceful sketches occasionally suggests the vanished hand of Randolph Caldecott, and probably Mr. Bettesworth will think that we could scarcely pay him a more handsome compliment.

The avowed object of "The 'Electrician' Primers" is to describe briefly, in simple, but at the same time scientific terms, the theory and practice of a science which is rapidly augmenting the resources of modern civilisation. Both of the volumes before us appeal not merely to students, but also to general readers, and they set forth not only the nature of the science, but likewise its industrial applications. Each primer is complete in itself, and in both volumes theoretical discussion is, as far as

possible, avoided, though special pains have evidently been taken to make the principles of electricity clear to anyone of ordinary intelligence. Scattered through these pages are a number of diagrams, and by their help the statements of the text are rendered plain at a glance.

Under the appropriate title of "Ministering Women," the impressive story of the Royal National Pension Fund for Nurses has just been recounted by Dr. Potter. We are reminded that no less than £50,000 has been raised within three years for the benefit of nurses, and that this sum has been obtained without the outlay of so much as a shilling for collection, a result which is largely due to the exertions of Mr. Henry C. Burdett, the founder of the movement. It is gratifying to learn that £49,000 has been invested as a pension fund for those nurses who are able to qualify by the payment of their own premiums. The other £10,000 is already known as the John S. Morgan Fund—a purely charitable endowment for the immediate assistance of nurses who are no longer able to follow their calling. It is a remarkable story which Dr. Potter has to tell, and he unfolds and illustrates it in a straightforward way which is certain to enlist public sympathy.

Sturdy pedestrians who like to take their holidays afoot, and, indeed, all lovers of the picturesque, ought to make without loss of time the acquaintance of "The Peak of Derbyshire," a volume in which Mr. Leyland has woven, with practised skill, the traditions and topography of that wild and romantic district. It is true that there are already several modern guide-books to Derbyshire, but neither Mr. Louis Jennings nor Mr. Baddeley—excellent in many respects though their volumes are—have contrived to combine the imaginative and practical aspects of the subject in the way which renders Mr. Leyland's pages so attractive. The plan of the book is to describe the Peak by its rivers and watersheds, though here and there it has of course been needful to strike, so to speak, across country, in order to bring within the compass of the volume places of interest which lie at some distance from mountain and brawling stream. The chief river of the Peak is the Derwent, and it, naturally, is described at considerable length, though the Wye and the Dove, and the less familiar Goyt and Etherow, also receive due attention. The pleasant market-town of Bakewell, sometimes styled the capital of the Peak, as well as Castleton, Buxton, Wirksworth, Matlock, and Ashbourne, form delightful centres for holiday rambles in a region where wild and lovely scenery alternate and in which historical and literary associations abound. The great and historic show places of the Peak—Haddon, Chatsworth, and Peveril—are adequately described, and other less famous but ancient and stately houses, which deserve to be better known, are also brought pleasantly before the reader of this scholarly, accurate, and, at the same time, imaginative book. Mr. Leyland draws attention to the somewhat remarkable circumstance that, notwithstanding the religious fervour and activity which distinguished the centuries which immediately followed the Conquest, no great abbey or monastery was built in the Peak, though several religious houses in other parts of the kingdom drew revenues from the grants of land which were made to them in Derbyshire. A word of praise is due to the two artists who have illustrated, with more than usual taste and beauty, this welcome book.

In "Bacteria and Their Products," Dr. G. S. Woodhead seeks to give some account of the main facts which come within the compass of the new science of bacteriology. He also discusses at considerable length current theories concerning bacteria and their relation to cholera, typhoid fever, consumption, diphtheria, and virulent diseases. Bacteria are governed by the same laws which control other plants or animals; they are composed of protoplasm, and when any change of function takes place, it is always in the direction of greater specialisation. The commoner forms of bacteria number about one hundred and forty, and Dr. Woodhead gives a scientific description of them for the guidance of students. The book is illustrated with photo-micrographs of various germs of deadly disease, and its value as a work of reference is enhanced by the list of books by English and Continental experts, which is added at the close of each chapter.

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For the encouragement of Trade the Bank receives small sums on deposit, and allows interest, at the rate of THREE per CENT. per annum, on each completed £1.

The BIRKBECK ALMANACK, with full particulars, post free.

FRANCIS RAVENSCROFT, Manager.

“A Lady wants no other Cosmetic than

Pears' soap

But one caution is absolutely necessary from a hygienic point of view. It is a notorious fact that Pears' Soap is sold at a very small profit (I think not more than about one half-penny per tablet) on the wholesale cost price, consequently, one or other of the many soaps in the market (on the sale of which a profit of threepence or fourpence per tablet may be made) is sometimes either substituted or recommended to the buyer as 'just as good,' 'equally pure,' &c., &c., &c., the real object of the dealer, of course, being simply to obtain the greater profit by the sale of the inferior article which he recommends or attempts to substitute. Patients should, therefore, insist on having Pears' Soap when they ask for it, otherwise they may find that, instead of being served with a Genuine Soap, they have an article of most inferior quality foisted upon them; something worse than worthless, calculated only to set up HEAT, REDNESS, IRRITATION, and general unsightliness of the skin."

From the "HYGIENE OF THE SKIN," by MR. J. L. MILTON, Senior Surgeon,
St. John's Hospital for the Skin, London.

*Pears' Soap makes the Hands white and fair,
the Complexion bright and clear, and the Skin
soft and smooth as Velvet.*